

3rd edn
Wing B1736
3/-
L25

THE
FORC'D MARRIAGE:
OR, THE
Jealous Bridegroom.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY,
As it is Acted by His
Majesties Servants
AT THE
QUEENS Theatre.

Written by A. BERN,
Va Mon enfant ! prend ta fortune---

L O N D O N :

Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in St. Paul's
Church-yard, 1694.

Books Newly Printed for *James Knapton*, at
the *Crown* in *St. Paul's-Church-yard*.

A Congratulatory Poem on his Highness the Prince of *Oranges's* coming into *England*. By *Tho. Shadwell*.

A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious Queen *Mary* upon Her Arrival into *England*. By *Tho. Shadwell*.

An Ode on the Aniverfary of the King's Birth. By *Tho. Shadwell*.

The Squire of *Alfaria*. A Comedy Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell*.

Bury Fair. A Comedy, Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell*.

The Fortune Hunters, or, two Fools well met. A Comedy, as it is acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *A. Behn*.

The Widdow *Ranter*, or the History of *Bacon* in *Virginia*. A Tragi-Comedy, acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *Mrs. A. Behn*.

The Female Prelate: Being a History of the Life and Death of Pope *Joan*: A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal.

Mr. Anthony. A Comedy, acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Orrery*.

The Devil of a Wife, or a Comical Transformation. A Comedy. Written by *Mr. Jewan*.

The *English* Frier, or the Town Sparks, a Comedy. Written by *Mr. Crowne*.

The Amorous Bigotte: With the second part of *Teage O Drivelly*. A Comedy, acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell*.

The Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom. A Comedy. Written by *A. Behn*.

The Deluge: Or the destruction of the World, an *Opera*.

The Governour of *Cyprus*, or the Loves of *Virotto* and *Dorothea*. A Novel in *Twelves*.

The Wanton Fryar, or, the *Irish* Amour, first and second Part. A Novel in *Twelves*.

The History of the Inquisition, as it is Exercised at *Goa*; Written in *French* by the Ingenious *Monfieur Dellon*, who laboured five years under those Severities, With an account of his Deliverance; Translated into *English*. *Quarto*. Price 1 s.

Some Observations concerning Regulating of Elections for Parliament, found among the Earl of *Shaftsbury's* Papers after his Death, and now recommoned to the Consideration of the present Parliament. In *Quarto*. Price 3 d.

Quadriniuum Jacobi, or, the History of the Reign of King *James II.* from his coming to the Crown to his Desertion.

PROLOGUE

G Allants, our Poets have of late so us'd ye
 In Play and Prologue too so much abus'd ye
 That should we beg your aids, I justly fear
 You are so Incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.
 But when against a common Foe we arm,
 Each will assist to guard his own concern.
 Women, those charming Victors, in whose eyes
 Lye all their Arts, and their Artilleries,
 Not being contented with the Wounds they made,
 Would by new Stratagems our Lives invade.
 Beauty alone goes now at too cheap rates,
 And therefore they like Wise and Politick States,
 Court a new power that may the old supply,
 To keep as well as gain the Victory.
 They'll joyn the Force of Wit to Beauty now,
 And so maintain the right they have in you.
 If the vain Sex this priviledge should boast,
 Past cure of a declining fate we're lost.
 You'll never know the bliss of change, this Art
 Retrieves (when Beauty fades) the wandring heart,
 And though the Airy Spirits move no more,
 Wit still invites as Beauty did before.
 To day one of their party ventures out,
 Not with design to Conquer, but to Scout
 Discourage but this first attempt, and then
 They'll hardly dare to fall out again.
 The Poetess too, they say, has slyes abroad,
 Which have dispos'd themselves in every road.
 I th' upper Box, Pit, Galleries, every face
 You find disguis'd in a Black Velvet Case.

*My life on't is her Spy on purpose sent,
To hold you in a wanton Complement;
That so you may not Censure what she's writ,
Which done, they'l face you down't was full of wit.
Thus, whilst some common prize you hope to win,
You let the Tyrant Victor enter in.
I beg to day you'd lay that humour by,
Till your rencounter at the Nursery;
Where they like Centinels, from Duty free,
May meet and wanton with the Enemy.*

Enter an Actress.

*How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain,
What one poor smile of ours calls home again?
Can any see that Glorious sight, and say [Woman pointing
to the Ladies.]
A Woman shall not Victor prove to day:
Who is't that to their Beauty would submit,
And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit?
He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spys;
Can they need Art that have such pow'rful Eyes?
Believe me, Gallants, he's abus'd you all;
There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal:
Those are but Pickeroons that scour for prey,
And catch up all they meet with in their way;
Who can no Captives take, for all they do
Is Pillage ye, then gladly let you go;
Ours scorn the petty spoils, and do prefer
The Glory, not the Interest of the VVar:
But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,
Imposing nought but constancy in love;
That's all our Aim, and when we have it too,
We'll Sacrifice it all to pleasure you.*

EPILOGUE, *by a Woman.*

*We charg'd you boldly in our first Advance,
And gave the Onset A-la-mode-de-France,
As each had been a Joan of Orleance.*

*Like them our Heat as soon abated too;
Alas, we could not vanquish with a show,
Much more than that goes to the conquering you.*

*The trial though, will recompence the pain,
It having wisely taught us how to reign;
'Tis Beauty only can our Power maintain.*

*But yet as tributary Kings we own
It is by you that we possess that Throne,
Where had we Victors been, w^d ad reign'd alone.*

*And we have promis'd what we could not do,
A fault, methinks, might be forgiven too,
Since 'tis but what we learnt of some of you.*

*But we are upon equal treatment yet,
For neither Conquer, since we both submit;
You, to our Beauty bow; We to your VVit.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Westwood.	King.
Mr. Smith.	Philander his Son betrothed to Erminia.
Mr. Betterton.	Alcippus Favourite, in love with Erminia.
Mr. Norris.	Orgulious, late General, Father to Erminia.
Mr. Young.	Alcander, friend to the Prince, in love with Aminta.
Mr. Cademan.	Pisaro, friend to the young General Alcippus.
Mr. Angel.	Salarius, a Fantastick Courtier. La Bree, his man.
Mr. Crosby.	Clementius, Servant to the Prince, and Brother to Isfillia.
Mrs. Jennings.	Gallatea, Daughter to the King.
Mrs. Betterton.	Erminia, Daughter to Orgulious, espous'd to the Prince.
Mrs. Wright.	Aminta, Sister to Pisaro, in love with Alcander.
Mrs. Lea.	Olinda, Sister to Alcander, Maid of Honour to the Princess.
Mrs. Clough.	Isfillia, Sister to Clementius, Woman to Erminia. Lysette, Woman to Aminta. Pages and Attendants.

Scene within the Court of FRANCE.

THE

FORCED MARRIAGE, OR THE Jealous Bridegroom.

ACT I SCENE I

Enter King, Philander, Orgulious, Alcippus, Alcander, Pisuro, Cleontius, Fallatius; And Officers.

Kin. **H**OW shall I now divide my Gratitude;
Between a Son, and one that has oblig'd me,
Beyond the common duty of a subject?
Phi. Believe me, Sir, he merits all your Bounty.

I only took example by his Actions;
And all the part o'th' victory which I gain'd,
Was but deriv'd from him:

Kin. Brave youth, whose Infant-years did bring us Conquests,
And as thou grew'st to man, thou grew'st in glory,
And hast arriv'd to such a pitch of it,
As all the slothful youth that shall succeed thee,
Shall meet reproaches of thy early Actions;
When men shall say, thus did the brave *Alcippus*;
And that great Name shall every soul inspire,
With Emulation, to arrive at something,
That's worthy of Example.

Alcip. I must confess I had the honour, Sir,
To lead on twenty thousand fighting men,
Whom Fortune gave the glory of the day to;
I only had them fight, and they obey'd me;
But 'twas my Prince that taught them how to do so;

Kin. I do believe *Philander* wants no courage;
But what he did was to preserve his own;
But thine the pure effects of highest valour;
For which, if ought below my Crown can recompence,
Name it, and take it, as the price of it.

Alcip. The Duty which we pay your Majesty
Ought to be such, as what we pay the Gods;
Which always bears its recompence about it.

Kim. Yet suffer me to make thee some return,
Though not better, yet to encourage Vertue.

I know thy soul is generous enough,
To think a glorious act rewards it self.

But those who understand not so much Vertue,
Will call it my neglect and want of gratitude;

In this thy modesty will wrong thy King.

Happy by this cause you seem to doubt

My Power or Will, in both you are too blame.

Alcip. Your pardon Sir, I never had a thought
That could be guilty of so great sin,

That I was capable to do you service,

Was the most grateful bounty Heaven allowed me,

And no juster way could own that blessing,

Than to imploy the guilt for your repose.

Kim. I shall grow angry, and believe you pride

Would put the guilt on your modesty,

Which would refuse what that believes below it.

Phil. Your Majesty thinks too severely of him;

Permit me, Sir, to recompence his valour,

I saw the wonders on, and thence may guess

In some degree, what may be worthy of it.

Kim. I like it well, and till thou hast perform'd it,

I will divest my self of all my power;

And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.

Phil. I humbly thank you Sir, [Bows to the King,

And here I do create him General, taking the Staff

You seem to wonder, as if I dispossest

The brave *Orgulous*, but be pleas'd to know, that I have

Such Reverence and Respect I owe that Lord, who

As had himself not made it his Petition, I should

I sooner should have parted with my Right, and grov

Than have discharg'd my debt, by injuring him, who

Kim. *Orgulous*, are you willing to resign it.

Org. With your permission Sir, most willingly;

His vigorous youth is fitter for't than age,

Which now has rendred me incapable

Of what that can with more success perform;

My heart and wishes are all mine, and I

But time has quite depriv'd me of that power,

That should assist a happy Consequence.

Kim. Yet time has added little to your years,

Since I restor'd you my most great Command;

And then you thought it not unfit

For me to take it, as the Prince of

Org. Sir, was it fit I should refuse your Grace's offer?
That was your act of mercy; and I took it upon me
To clear my innocency, and reform the errors of my past
Which those receiv'd who did believe me guilty, as I am
Or that my Crimes were greater than that mercy was to wash A
I took it, Sir, in scorn of those that hated me;
And now resign it to the man you love.

King. We need not this proof, to confirm thy Loyalty;
Nor am I yet so barren of rewards,
But I can find a way, without depriving
Thy Noble Head of its Victorious Wreathes,
To crown another's Temples.

Org. I humbly beg your Majesty's consent to it;
If you believe *Alcippus* worthy of it;
The generous Youth I have bred up to Battels;
Taught him to overcome, and use that Conquest;
As modestly as his submissive Captive,
His Melancholly, (but his easy fetters);
To meet Deaths horrors with undaunted looks;
How to despise the hardships of a Siege;
To suffer cold and hunger, want of sleep;
Nor knew he other rest than on his Horse-back;
Where he would sit and take a hearty Nap;
And then too dreamt of fighting;
I could continue on a day in telling of
The wonders of this Warrior.

King. I credit all, and do submit to you.
But yet *Alcippus* seems displeas'd with it.

Alcip. Ah Sir! too late I find my confidence
Has overcome my unhappy bashfulness;
I had an humblest suit to approach you with;
But this unlook't for Honour,
Has so confounded all my lesser Aims;

As were they not essential to my Being;
I durst not name them after what y' have done.

King. It is not well to think my kindness limited;
This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me;
Be what it will, I here declare it thine.

Upon my life, designs upon a Lady;
I guess it from thy blushing.

—Name her, and here thy King engages for her.

Phi. O Gods! — What have I done?

Alcip. *Erminia*, Sir, was your daughter.

Phi. I'm ruin'd.

King. *Alcippus*, with her Fathers leave, she thine is.

Org. Sir, 'tis my Aim and Honour.

Pbi. Alcippur, is't a time to think of Weddings,
When the disorder'd Troops require your presence?
You must to the Camp to morrow.

Alcip. You need not urge that Duty to me, Sir.

King. A day or two will finish that Affair,
And then we'll consummate the happy day,
When all the Court shall celebrate your joy.

Pis. *Falaris*, you are a swift Horseman.
I believe you have a Mistress at Court,
You made such haste this Morning.

Fal. By *Jove*, *Pisaro*, I was enough weary of the
Campaign; and till I had lost sight of it,
I clapt on all my spurs.

But what ails *Alcander*?

Pis. What, displeas'd?

Alcand. It may be so, what then?

Pis. Then thou mayst be pleas'd again.

Alcan. Why the devil should I rejoyce?
Because I see another rais'd above me,
Let him be great, and damn'd with all his greatness.

Pis. Thou meanst *Alcippur*, whom I think merits it.

Alcan. What is't that thou call'st merit?
He fought, 'tis true, and so did you, and I,
And gain'd as much as he o'th' victory.
But he in the Triumphal Chariot rode,
Whilst we ador'd him like a Demi-God.
He with the Prince an equal welcome found,
Was with like Garlands, tho' less merit, crown'd.

Fa. He's in the right for that, by *Jove*.

Pis. Nay, now you wrong him.

Alcan. What's he; I should not speak my sense of him.

Pis. He is our General.

Alcan. What then?

What is't that he can do, which I'll decline?
Has he more youth, more strength, or arms than I?
Can he preserve himself i'th' heat of Battel?
Or can he singly fight a whole Brigade?
Can he receive a thousand wounds and live?

Fal. Can you or he do so?

Alcan. I do not say I can, but tell me then,
Where be the Vertues of this mighty man,
That he should brave it over all the rest?

Pis. Faith he has many Vertues, and much courage;
And merits it as well as you or I,
Orgulious was grown old.

Alcan. What then?

Pis. Whh, then, he was unfit for
But that he had a Daughter who was young.

Alcan. Yes, he might have lain by like
Rusty Armour else,
Had she not brought him into play again;
The Devil take her for't.

Fal. By *Jove*, he's dissatisfied with every thing.

Alcan. She has undone my Prince,
— And he has most unluckily disarm'd himself,
And put the Sword into his Rivals hand,
Who will return it to his grateful bosom.

Pis. Why you believe *Alcippus* honest —

Alcan. Yes, in your sense *Pisaro*,
But do not like the last demand he made,
'Twas but an ill return upon his Prince
To beg his Mistress, rather challeng'd her.

Pis. His Ignorance that she was so, may excuse him.

Alcan. The Devil 'twill, dost think he knew it not?

Pis. *Orgulous* still design'd him for *Ermia*,
And if the Prince be disoblig'd from this,
He only ought to take it ill from him.

Alcan. Too much *Pisaro* you excuse his Pride,
But 'tis the office of a friend to do so.

Pis. 'Tis true, I am not ignorant of this,
That he despises other recompence
For all his services, but fair *Ermia*,
I know 'tis long since he resign'd his heart,
Without so much as telling her she conquer'd;
And yet she knew he lov'd; whilst she, ingrate,
Repay'd his passion only with her scorn.

Alcan. In loving him she'd more ingrateful prove
To her first Vows, to Reason and to Love.

Pis. For that *Alcander* you know more than I.

Fal. Why sure *Aminia* will instruct her better,
She's as inconstant as the Seas and Winds,
Which ne're are calm but to betray Adventurers.

Alcan. How came you by that knowledge Sir?

Fal. What a pox makes him ask me that question now? *Cassio*

Pis. Prithee *Alcander* now we talk of her,
How go the Amours twixt you and my wild sister; —
Can you speak yet, or do you tell your tale,
With eyes and sighs, as you were wont to do?

Alcan. Faith much at that old rate, *Pisaro*,
I yet have no encouragement from her

To make my Court in any other language.

Pis. You'll bring her to, she must be overcome.

And your the fittest for her fickle humour.

Alcan. Pox on't, this change will spoil our making Love;

We must be sad and follow the Court Mode;

My life on't you'll see desperate doings here;

The Eagle will not part so with his prey;

Erminia was not gain'd so easily

To be resign'd so tamely: but come my Lord,

This will not satisfy our appetites,

Let's in to Dinner, and when warm with Wine

We shall be fitter for a new design.

Fal. Now am I in a very fine condition,

A comfortable one as I take it?

I have ventur'd my life to some purpose now;

What confounded luck was this, that he of all men

Living, should happen to be my Rival.

Well, I'll go visit *Aminta*, and see how

She receives me.

Why where a duce hast thou dispos'd of

Thy self all this day, I will be bound to be

Hang'd if thou hast not a hankering after

Some young wench; thou couldst never loyter

Thus else; but I'll forgive thee now, and prithee go to

My Lady *Aminta's* Lodgings: Kiss her hand

From me: and tell her I am just returned from

The Campaign: mark that word, *Sirrah*.

Labre. I shall Sir; 'tis truth.

Fal. Well, that's all one; but if she should

Demand any thing concerning me; (for

Love's inquisitive) dost hear: as to my valour, or so,

Thou understand'st me; tell her

I acted as became a man that pretend to the glory of

Serving her.

Lab. I warrant you, Sir, for a speech.

Fa. Nay, thou mayst speak as well too much

As too little, have a care of that, dost hear?

And if she ask what wounds I have: dost mind me

Tell her I have many, very many.

La. But whereabouts, Sir?

Fa. Let me see — let me see: I know not where

To place them — I think in my face.

La. By no means, Sir, you had much better

Have them in your *Posterior*: for then the Ladies

Can never disprove you: they'll not look there.

Fa. The sooner, you fool, for the rarity on't.

La. Sir, the Novelty is not so great, I assure you.

Fa. Go to, y^e are wicked: but I will have them in my face.

La. With all my heart, Sir, but how?

Fa.

Fa. He wear a patch or two there, and I'll
Warrant you for pretending as much as any man.
And who, you fool, shall know the cause?

La. That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the
Court and Camp.

Fa. Mark me, *Labre*, once for all, if thou takest
Delight continually thus to put me to mind of
My want of Courage, I shall undoubtedly
Fall foul on thee, and give thee the most fatal proofs
Of more than thou expectest.

La. Nay, Sir, I have done, and do believe 'tis only
I dare say you are a man of prowess.

Fa. Leave thy simple fancies, and go about thy business.

La. I am gone, but mark my Lord, if
If I should say your face were wounded,
The Ladies would fear you had lost your Beauty.

Fa. O never trouble your head for that, *Aminia*
Is a Wit, and your Wits care not how ill favour'd
Their men be, the more ugly the better.

La. An't be so, you'll fit them to a hair.

Fa. Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my
Quality needs the advantage of handfomness.
A trifle, as insignificant as Wit or Valour: poor
Nothings, which Men of fortune ought to despise.

La. Why do you then keep such a sin to gain
The reputation of this thing you so despise?

Fa. To please the peevish humour of a Woman
Who in that point only is a fool.

La. You had a Mistress once, if you have not
Forgotten her, who would have taken you with
All these faults.

Fa. There was so: but she was poor, that's the
Devil, I could have lov'd her else.

—But go thy ways; what dost thou muse on?

La. Faith Sir, I am only fearful you will never
Pass with those patches you speak of.

La. Thou never to be reclaim'd. Alas, shall I never
Bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'st, I tell thee.

I will pass and repass, where and how I please.
Know it thou not the difference, yet, between a
Man of Money and Titles, and a man of only Parts.

As they call them; poor Devils, of no mind nor
Garb: Well, 'tis a fine and frugal thing.

This honour, it covers a multitude of faults.
Even ridicule in one of us is a la mode.

But I detain thee; go hast to *Aminia*, *severally*.

ACT SEVEN
Enter Gallus, Aminta, and Othello

Gall. Will *Ermia* come?
Oli. Madam, I thought she'd been already here.
Gall. But prethee how will she support this news?
Oli. Madam, as those who are devoted to Heaven
Would bear the pangs of death.
Am. Time will convince her of that foolish error,
Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.
Gall. What young Husband?
Am. The General, Madam.
Gall. Why, dost thou think she will consent to it?
Am. Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconstant.
Gall. I *Aminta*, in every thing but Love.
And sure they cannot be in that:
What sayst thou, *Othello*?
Oli. Madam, my judgment's naught.
Love I have treated as a stranger guest,
Receiv'd him well, not lodg'd him in my breast.
I ne're durst give the unknown Tyrant room,
Left he should make his resting place his home.
Gall. Then thou art happy; but if *Ermia* fail
I shall not live to reproach her.
Am. Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet:
There is a way, if we could think of it.
Gall. *Aminta*, when wilt thou this humour lose?
Am. Faith never, if I might my humour chuse.
Gall. Methinks thou shouldst stum to bid me Live.
Am. Madam, 'tis the best counsel I can give.
Gall. Thy Counsel! Prethee what dost counsel now?
Am. What I would take my terrible counsel you.
Gall. You must my wounds and my misfortunes bear
Before you can become my Counsellor.
You cannot guess the torments I endure:
Not knowing the Disease you'll miss the Cure.
Am. Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal
Although the Malady they ne're did feel:
But your Disease is Epidemical
Nor can I that evade that conquers all:
I lov'd, and never did the pleasure know,
Which passion did with time less vigorous grow.
Gall. Why hast thou lost it?
Am. It, and half a score.
Gall. Lofing the first, were thou couldst love no more.
Am. With more facility, than when the Dart

Arm'd with resistless fire first ~~scind~~ ^{scind} my heart, ^{might I but suffer all}
'Twas long then, ere the Boy could entrance get, ^{But who can live and}
And make his little Victory comprat, ^{And Adam, do I love you}
But now he's got the knack, on't, 'tis with ease, ^{Which would be less}
He domineers and enters when he please.

Gall. My heart, *Aminta*, is not like to thine.

Am. Faith Madam try; you'll find it just like mine.
The first I lov'd was *Philoctetes*, and then ^{For a lot}
Made Protestations ne're to love agen, ^{For only love}
Yet after left him for a faithless crime; ^{I know that}
But then I languish'd even to death for him; ^{Which does not}
—— But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest, ^{For greater}
New fire-balls threw, the old scarce diposset; ^{His humbler}
And by the greater flame the lesser light, ^{As most}
Like Candles in the Sun, extinguish'd quite, ^{Of his hand}
And left no power *Alexander* to resist, ^{You find}
Who took, and keeps possession of my breast.

Gall. Art thou a Lover then, and lookest so gay, ^{Which I find}
But thou hast nere a Father's obay, ^{Which I find}

Am. Why, if I had I would obey him too.

Gall. And live.

Am. And live.

Gall. 'Tis more than I can do, ^[Enter Erminia Weeping]
—— Thy Eyes, *Erminia*, do declare thy heart, ^{Gall. Weeps}
Has nothing but despairs and death, ^{Impart}
And I, alas, no comfort can apply, ^{Embraces her and}
But I as well as you, can weep and die.

Er. I'll not reproach my fortune, since in your
Grief does the noblest of you, ^{See} subdue;
When your great Soul a sorrow can admit, ^{I ought}
I ought to suffer from the sense of it;
Your cause of grief too much like mine appears, ^{Not to}
Not to oblige my eyes to double tears;
And had my heart no sentiments at home, ^{My part}
My part in yours had doubtless fill'd the room;
But mine will no addition more receive;
Fate has bestow'd the worst she had to give;
Your mighty soul can all its rage oppose,
Whilst mine must perish by more scible blows.

Gall. Indeed, I dare not say my cause of grief
Does yours exceed, since both are past relief;
But if our Fates unequal do appear, ^{*Erminia*, 'tis my heart}
Erminia, 'tis my heart that odds must bear.

Er. Madam, 'tis just I should to you resign,
But here you challenge what is only mine:
My Fate so cruel is, it will not give
Leave to *Philander* (if I die) to live:

Might

Might I but suffer all, 'twere some content,
 But who can live and see his languishment;
 You Madam, do alone your sorrows bear,
 Which would be less did but Alcippus share;
 As Lovers we agree, I'll not deny
 But thou art lov'd again, I am not I.

Er. Madam, though this the better is sustin'd,
 That's for a loss that never yet was gain'd;
 You only lose a man that does not know
 How great the Honour is which you bestow;
 Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,
 Your greatness would his just return forbid;
 His humbler thoughts durst ne're to you aspire,
 At most he would presume but to admire;
 Or if it chanc'd he durst more daring prove,
 You still must languish and conceal your love.

Gall. This which you argue lessens not my pain,
 My griefs the same, were I belov'd again;
 The King my Father would his promise keep,
 And thou must him enjoy for whom I weep.

Er. Ah would I could that fatal gift deny,
 Without him you; and with him, I must die;
 My self your Royal Brother does adore;
 And I, all Pallida, but from his ghastly shore;
 But if I must thus suit Alcippus wed,
 I vow he ne're shall come into my Bed.

Gall. That's bravely sworn, and now I love thee more
 Than e're I was oblig'd to do before;
 — But yet Erminia guard thee from his Eyes;
 Where so much Love, and so much Beauty lies;
 Those charms may conquer thee, which made me bow,
 And make thee love as well as break this Vow.

Er. Madam, it is unkind, though but to fear,
 Ought but Phillander can inhabit here.

Gall. Ah that Alcippus did not you approve;
 We then might hope these mischiefs to remove;
 The King my Father might be won by Prayer,
 And my too powerful Brothers sad despair;
 To break his word, which kept will us undo;
 And he will lose his dear Phillander too;
 Who dies and can no remedies receive;
 But vows it is for you alone he'll live.

Er. Ah Madam, do not tell me how he dies;
 I've seen too much already in his Eyes;
 They did the sorrows of his Soul betray,
 Which need not be Confest another way.

'Twas there I found what my misfortune was,
Too sadly written in his lovely face.
But see, my father comes: Madam, withdraw a while,
And once again I'll try my interest with him. [Exeunt.]

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Enter Orgulious, Erminia weeping, and Isillia.

Er. Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?

Org. Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,
And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;
Which like a gawdy flower that springs too soon,
Withers ere fully blown.

Your very tears already have betray'd
Its weak inconstant nature;

Alcippus, should he look upon the now,
Would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.

Er. Why should that blessing turn to my despair,
Curse on his faith that told him I was fair.

Org. 'Tis strange to me you should despise this fortune,
I always thought you well-inclin'd to love him,
I would not else have thus dispos'd of you.

Er. I humbly thank you, Sir, thought't be too late,
And wish you yet would try to change my fate;
What to *Alcippus* you did love believe,
VVas such a friendship as might well deceive;
'Twas what kind Sisters do to Brothers pay;
Alcippus I can love no other way.

—Sir, lay the interest of a Father by,
And give me leave this Lover to deny.

Org. *Erminia*, thou art young and canst not see
The advantage of the fortune offer'd thee;

Er. Alas, Sir, there is something yet behind. [sighs.]

Org. What is't *Erminia*, freely speak thy mind.

Er. Ah Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.

Org. *Erminia*, you have seldom found me so;
If no mean passion have thy soul possess'd,
Be what it will I can forgive the rest.

Er. No Sir, it is no crime, or if it be,
Let Prince *Philander* make the peace for me;
He 'twas that taught the sin, (if love be such.)

Or. *Erminia*, peace, he taught you then too much,

Er. Nay Sir, you promis'd me you would not blame
My early love, if 'twere a noble flame.

Or. Then this a more unhappy could not be;
Destroy it, or expect to hear of me. [Offers to go out.]

Er. Alas, I know 'twould anger you when known. [She stays him.]

Org. *Erminia*, you are wondrous daring grown;

Where got you courage to admit his love,
Before the King or I did it approve?

Er. I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,
And my own Vertue, Sir, was my defence.

Phillander never spoke but from a Soul,
That all dishonest passions can controul;
With flames as chaste as Vestals that did burn,
From whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.

Org. Your love from folly, not from vertue, grew;
You never could believe he'd marry you.

Er. Upon my life no other thing he spoke,
But those from dictates of his Honour took.

Org. Though by his fondness led he were content
To marry thee, the King would nere consent.
Cease then this fruitless passion, and incline
Your will and reason to agree with mine.

Alcippus I dispos'd you to before,
And now I am inclin'd to it much more,
Some days I had design'd t' ve given thee
To have prepar'd for this solemnity;
But now my second thoughts believe it fit,
You should this night to my desires submit.

Er. This night, Ah Sir, what is't you mean to do?

Org. Preserve my credit, and thy Honour too.

Er. By such resolves you me to ruine bring.

Org. That's better than to disoblige my King.

Er. But if the King his liking do afford,
Would you not with *Alcippus* break your word?
Or would you not to serve your Princes life,
Permit your Daughter to become his Wife?

Org. His VVife *Erminia*; if I did believe
Thou couldst to such a thought a credit give;
I would the interest of a Father quit,

And you, *Erminia*, have no need of it:
VVithout his aid you can a Husband chuse.
Gaining the Prince you may a Father lose.

Er. Ah Sir, these words are Poniards to my heart;
And half my love to duty does convert;

Alas Sir, I can be content to die,
But cannot suffer this severity:

That care you had, dear Sir, continue still,
I cannot live and disobey your will.

Org. This duty has regain'd me, and you'll find
A just return; I shall be always kind;

—Go—reassume your Beauty; dry your eyes;
Remember 'tis a Father does advise.

Er. Ungrateful duty, whose uncivil pride,
By Reason is not to be satisfy'd;

Who even Loves Almighty Power overthrow,
 Or dost on it too rigorous Laws impose;
 VVho bindest up our Vertue too too freight,
 And on our honour lays too great a weight.
 Coward, whom nothing but thy power makes strong;
 VVhom Age and Malice bred t'afright the young;
 Here thou dost Tyrannize to that degree,
 That nothing but my death will set me free.

Exit Erm.

S C E N: IV.

Enter Phillander and Alcander.

Phi. Urge it no more, your Reasons do displease me;
 I offer'd her a Crown, with her *Phillander* :
 And she was once pleas'd to accept of it.
 She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,
 As kindly as I sacrific'd to her :
 The first salute we gave were harmless love,
 Our Souls then met, and so grew up together,
 Like sympathizing Twins.
 And must she now be ravish'd from my Arms ?
 VVill you *Erminia* suffer such a Rape.
 VVhat tho the King have said it shall be so,
 'Tis not his pleasure can become thy Law,
 No, nor it shall not.
 And though he were my God as well as King,
 I would instruct thee how to disobey him ;
 Thou shalt, *Erminia*, bravely say, I will not ;
 He cannot force thee to't against thy will :
 — Oh Gods, shall duty to a King and Father,
 Make thee commit a Murder on thy self ?
 Thy sacred self, and me that do adore thee ;
 No, my *Erminia*, quit this vain devoyre,
 And follow Love that may preserve us all :
 — Presumptuous Villain, hold ingratitude —
 Hadst thou no other way to pay my favours ?
 By Heaven 'twas bravely bold, was it not *Alcander* ?

Alcan. It was somewhat strange Sir ;

But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.

Phi. Not know it ; yes as well as thou and I ;
 The VVorld was full on't, and could be ignorant ;
 VVhy was her father call'd from banishment,
 And plac'd about the King, but for her sake ?
 VVhat made him General, but my passion for her,
 VVhat gave him twenty thousand Crowns a year,
 But that which made me Captive to *Erminia*.
 Almighty Love, of which thou sayst he is ignorant ;
 How has he order'd his audacious flame,

That I could ne're perceive it all this while.

Alcan. Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,
To the whole Court besides 'twas visible.
He knew you would not suffer it to burn out;

And therefore waited till his services
Might give encouragement to's close design;
If that could do't he nobly has endeavour'd it.
But yet I think you need not yield her, Sir.

Phi. *Alcippus*, I confess, is brave enough,
And by such ways I'll make him quit his claim;

—He shall to-morrow to the Camp again,

—And then I'll own my passion to the king;

—He loves me well, and I may hope his pity,

Till then be calm my heart, for if that fail,

This is the argument that will prevail.

[Points to his Sword.]
[Exeunt.]

ACT II

The REPRESENTATION of the WEDDING.

The Curtain must be let down; and soft Musick must play: the Curtain being drawn up, discovers a Scene of a Temple: The King sitting on a Throne, bowing down to joy'n the Hands of Alcippus and Erminia, who kneel on the steps of the Throne; the Officers of the Court and the Clergy standing in order by, with Orgulius. This within the Scene.

Without on the Stage, Philander with his Sword half-drawn, held by Gallatea, who looks ever on Alcippus: Erminia still fixing her eyes on Philander; Pisaro passionately gazing on Gallatea: Aminth on Fallatio, and he on her; Alcander, Iulia, Cleontius, in other several postures, with the rest; all remaining without motion, whilst the Musick softly plays: this continues a while till the Curtain falls; and then the Musick plays aloud till the Act begins.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Philander and Gallatea inrag'd.

'Tis done 'tis done, the fatal Knot is ty'd,

Erminia to Alcippus is a Bride;

Methinks I see the motions of her eyes,

And how her Virgin breasts do fall and rise:

Her bashful blush, her timorous desire,

Adding new flame to his too vigorous fire;

Whilst he the charming beauty must embrace,

And shall I live to suffer this disgrace!

Shall I stand tamely by, and he receive

That Heaven of bliss, defenceless she can give;

No Sister, no, renounce that Brothers name,

Suffers his patience to surmount his shame;

Plc

He reach the *Victor's* heart, and make him see
That Prize he has obtain'd belongs to me.

Gal. Ah dear *Philinda* do not threaten so
Whilst him you wound, you kill a Sister too.

Phi. Though all the Gods were rally'd on his side,
They should too feeble prove to guard his pride.
Justice and Honour on my sword shall sit
And my revenge shall guide the lucky hit.

Gal. Consider but the danger, and the crime,
And Sir remember that his life is mine.

Phi. Peace Sister, do not urge it as a sin,
Of which the Gods themselves have guilty been:
The Gods my Sister do approve revenge
By Thunder, which th' almighty Jove's unbinge.
Such is their lightning when poor mortals fear,
And Princes are the Gods inhabit here;

Revenge has charms that do as powerful prove
As those of Beauty, and as sweet as love.
The force of vengeance will not be withstood
Till it has bath'd and cool'd it self in blood.

Erminia, sweet *Erminia*; thou art lost
And he yet lives that does the conquest boast.

Gal. Brother, that Captive you can ne'er retrieve
More by the *Victors* death than if he live.

For she in Honour cannot him prefer,
Who shall become her Husband's Murderer;
By safer ways you may that blessing gain,
When venturing thus through blood and death prove vain.

Phi. With hopes already that are vain as air,
You've kept me from revenge, but not despair.
I had my self acquitted as became

Erminia wrong'd ador'd, and my flame,
My Rival I had kill'd, and set her free,

Had not my Justice been disarm'd by thee,
—But for thy faithless hope I'd murder'd him,

Even when the holy Priest was marrying them,
And offer'd up the smoking sacrifice.

To th' Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my prize;
By all their Purity I would have don't.

But now I think I merit the affront;
He that his vengeance idly does defer,

His Safety more than his Success must fear;
I like that Coward did prolong my fate.

But brave revenge can never come too late.

Gal. Brother, if you can so inhumane prove
To me your Sister, Reason, and to Love.

Ple let you see that I have sentiments too
Can love and be reveng'd as well you,

That

That hour that shall a death to him impart,
Shall send th'is Dagger to *Erichon's* heart. [*Shows a Dagger.*]

Phi. — Ah Coward, how these words have made thee pale,
And fear above thy courage does prevail:
Ye Gods, why did you such a way invent

Gall. None else was left thy madness to prevent.

Phi. Ah cruel Sister, I am faine become;
And will reverse my happy *Rivall's* doom:
Yes, he shall live, to triumph o'er my Tomb.

— But yet what thou hast said I need not blame,
For if my resolutions prove the same,
I now should kill thee, and my life renew.

But were it brave or just to murder you,
At worst I should an unkind Sister kill.

'Thou wouldst the sacred blood of friendship spill,
I kill a man that has undone my Fame,
Ravish'd my Mistress, and condemn'd my Name.

And Sister, one who does not thee prefer,
But thou no reason hast to injure her.

Such charms of Innocence her eyes do dress,
As would confound the cruel if Murdersess:
And thou art soft, and canst no horror see
Such Actions, Sister, you must leave to me.

Gall. The highest love no reason will admit,
And passion is above my friendship yet.

Phi. Then since I cannot hope to alter thee,
Let me but beg that thou wouldst let me free,
Free this poor soul that such a coil does keep,
'Twill neither let me wake in peace, nor sleep.
Comfort I find a stranger to my heart.

Nor canst thou ought of that but thus impart
Thou shouldst with joy a death to him procure,
Who by it leaves *Alcippus* life secure.

Gall. Dear brother, you out-run your patience still,
We'll neither die our selves, nor others kill:
Something I'll do that shall thy joys restore,
And bring thee back that health thou hadst before.

— We're now expected at the banquet, where
I'de have thy eyes more Love than Anger wear.

This night be cheerful, and on me depend:
On me, that am thy Sister and thy friend:
A little raise *Alcippus* jealousy,

And let the rest be carried on by me,
Nor would it be amiss should you provide

A Serenade to entertain the *Brill*.
'Twill give him fears that may perhaps disprove
The fond opinion of his happy love.

Ph. Though Hope be faithless, yet I cannot chuse
Coming from thee, but credit the abuse.

Gal. Philander, do not you Hope's power distrust,
Tis time enough to die, when that's unjust.

ACT. II. SCENE II.

Enter Aminta as passing over the Stage, as Paved by Olinda.

Oli. Why so hasty, Aminta.

Am. The time requires it, Olinda.

Oli. But I've an humble suit to you.

Am. You shall command me any thing.

Oli. Pray Heaven you keep your word.

Am. That sad tone of thine Olinda has almost
Made me repent of my promise, but come, what's it?

Oli. My Brother, Madam.

Am. Now fye upon thee, is that all thy business?

Oli. Stay Madam, he dies for you.

Am. He cannot do't for any woman living,
But well—it seems he speaks of love to you.

To me he does appear a very Statue.

Oli. He naught but sighs, and calls upon your name,
And vows you are the sweetest Maid that breathes.

Am. Thou canst not be in earnest, sure.

Oli. He swears I am, and so is he.

Am. Nay then thou hast a hard task set, to make
Vows to all the Women he makes love to;
Indeed I pity thee; ha, ha, ha.

Oli. You should not laugh at those you have undone.

Aminta Sings.

Hang love, for I will never pine,

For any Man alive;

Nor shall this jolly heart of mine

The thoughts of inactivity

I will not purchase slavery

At such a dangerous rate;

But glory in my liberty

And laugh at love and his

Oli. You'll kill him by this cruelty.

Am. VVhat is't thou call'st it? thou call'st it
For I have hitherto given no denial.

Nor has he given me cause;

I have seen him wildly gaze upon me often,

And sometimes blush and smile, but seldom that;

And now and then found fault with my replies,

And wonder'd where the devil lay that wit,

VVhich he believ'd no Judge of, nor could find.

Oli. Faith Madam, there's no way of making love.

Am.

Am. It will not take with me, I love a man
Can kneel, and swear, and cry, and look humble,
As if he meant indeed to die my slave
Thy Brother looks—but too much like a Conqueror.

Oli. How *Aminta*, can you fight in *pages*?

Am. Yes *Olinda*, and you shall know its meaning.
I love *Alexander*—and am not afraid of his secret,
But prithee do not tell him what I say.

—Oh he's a man made up of those perfections,
Which I have often lik'd in several men;
And wish'd I united to compleat some one
Whom I might have the glory to overcome.
—His Mien and Person, but above all his Humour,
That surly Pride, though even to me address'd,
Do's strangely well become him.

Oli. May I believe this?

Am. Not if you mean to speak only
But I shall soon enough betray my self.

Enter Falatius with a sword & ribbon in his hand.

Falatius. Welcome to the Wars;
I'm glad to see y've escap'd the dangers of them.

Fa. Not so well escap'd neither, Madam, but I
Have left still a few testimonies of their
Severity to me.

Gli. That's not so bad, believe me, as you think.

Fa. Nor so ill, since they be such as render us more
Less acceptable to your fair eyes, Madam;
But had you seen me when I fight'd them, Ladies,
In that Heroick posture.

Am. What posture?

Fa. In that of fighting, Madam.

You would have call'd to mind that ancient story
Of the stout Giants that wag'd War with Heaven;
Just so I fought, and for as glorious prize;
Your excellent Ladieship.

Am. For me, was it for me you ran this hazard?

Fa. Madam, I hope you do not question that;
Was it not all the faults you found with me,
The reputation of my want of Courage,
A thousand Furies are not like a Battle,
And but for you,

By *Jove* I would not fight it out, though I should win;
For all the glory on't, and hence you see
Madam your heart is strangely form'd
That can resist th'efforts I have made against it
And bring to boot such marks of valour too.

Enter a third Person, and says to the two.

Am. stays him.

Oli.

Ol. Brother, come back, *you have not yet of late you have not*

Fa. Advance, advance, what Man, afraid of me?

Alc. How, can the hold discourse with that Fantastick *side.*

Fa. Come forward and be complaisant *pulls him again.*

Al. That's most proper for your wit *Falatin.*

Er. Why so angry?

Alc. Away, thou art deceiv'd.

Am. You've lost your sleep, which puts you out of humour.

Alc. He's damn'd will lose a moment on't for you.

Am. Who is't that has displeas'd you?

Alc. You have, and took my whole repose away,

And more than that, which you ne're can restore;

I can do nothing as I did before.

When I would sleep, I cannot do't for you,

My Eyes and Fancy do that form pursue,

And when I sleep, you Revel in my dreams.

And all my life is nothing but extreams.

When I would tell my love, I seem most rude,

For that informs me how I am subdu'd.

Gods you'r unjust to tyrannize o're me,

When thousands fitter for't than I go free. *[goes out.*

Fal. Why what the Devil has possess'd *Alcander.*

Ol. How like you this *Aminta?*

Am. Better and better, he's a wondrous man. *[Am. and Ol.*

Er. 'Tis the most unjanty humour that ever I saw; *goes out*

I, I, he is my Rivall,

No marvell an'he look't so big upon me,

He is damnable valiant, and as Jealous as

He is Valiant, how shall I behave my

Self to him, and these too idle humours of his

I cannot yet determine; the comfort is, he

Knows I am a Coward what ever face I set upon it.

Well, I must either resolve never to provoke

His jealousy, or be able to re'counter his

Other fury, his valour; that were a good

Resolve if I be not past all hope. *[Exeunt*

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

Enter Alcippus and Erminia, as in a Bed Chamber.

Alcip. But still methinks *Erminia* you are sad

A heavyness appears in those fair eyes,

As if your Soul were agitating something

Contrary to the pleasure of this night.

Er. You ought in Justice Sir t'excuse me here,

Prisoners when first committed are less gay,

Than when they're us'd to Fetters every day,
But yet in time they will more easie grow.

Alcip. You strangely blest me in but saying so.

Er. Alcip. I've an humble suit to you.

Alcip. All that I have is, so entirely thine.

And such a Captive thou hast made my will

Thou need'st not be at the expence of wishing

For what thou canst desire that I may grant;

Why are thy eyes declin'd?

Er. To satisfy a little modest scruple

I beg you would permit me, sir

Alcip. To lye alone to night, is it not so *Erminia*?

Er. It is

Alcip. That's too severe, yet I will grant it thee

But why *Erminia* must I grant it thee?

Er. The Princess sir questions my power and says,

I cannot gain so much up on your goodness.

Alcip. I could have wish'd some other had oblig'd thee to know

Er. You would not blame her if you knew her reason.

Alcip. Indeed I do not much, for I can guess

She takes the party of her Prince and Brother;

And this is only to delay those joys,

Which she perhaps believes belong to him.

— But that *Erminia*, you can best resolve;

And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,

The Prince too clearly own'd.

Er. What did he own?

Alcip. He said, *Erminia*, that you were his Wife;

If so, no wonder you refuse my bed:

The Presence of the King hindred my knowledge,

Of what I willingly would learn from you;

— Come ne're deny a truth that plain appears,

I see hypocrisie through all your tears.

Erm. You need not ask me to repeat again,

A knowledge which, you say, appears so plain:

The Prince his word methinks should credit get;

Which I'll confirm where're you call for it:

My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,

And cannot twice become a sacrifice.

Alcip. *Erminia*, is this brave or just in you,

To pay his score of love with what's my due:

What's your design to treat me in this fort,

Are sacred Vows of Marriage made your sport?

Regard me well, *Erminia*, what am I?

Er. One Sir, with whom I am bound to live and die,

And one to whom by rigorous command,

I gave (without my heart) my unwilling hand.

Alcip. But why, *Erminia*, did you give it to?

Er. T' obey a King and cruel father too,
A friendship, Sir, I can on you bestow;
But that will hardly into passion grow;
And 'twill an Act below your virtue prove,
To force a heart you know can never love.

Alcip. Am I the mask to hide your blushes in;
I, the contented fool to veil your sin;
Have you already learnt that trick at Court;
Both how to practice and secure your sport;
Brave Mistress of your Art, is this the way;
My service and my passion to repay;
Will nothing but a Prince your pleasure fit,
And could you think that I would wink at it?
Recal that folly, or by all that's good,
I'll free the soul that wantons in thy blood. *[He in rage takes her by the*

Er. I see your love your Reason has betray'd, *arms, shows a Dagger.*
But I'll forgive the faults which love has made.

'Tis true, I love, and do confess it too;
Which if a crime, I might have hid from you;
But such a passion 'tis as does despise,
Whatever rage you threaten from your eyes.

—Yes—you may disapprove this flame in me,
But cannot hinder what the Gods decree;

—Search here this truth; Alas, I cannot fear,
Your steel shall find a welcome entrance here. *[He holds her still, and*

Alcip. Where dost thou think thy ingrateful soul will go, *gazes on her.*
Loaded with wrongs to me, should strike now.

Er. To some blest place; where Lovers do reside,
Free from the noise of jealousy and pride;
Where we shall know no other powers but love,
And where even thou wilt soft and gentle prove;
So gentle, that if I should meet thee there,
Thou would'st allow, what thou deny'st me here.

Alcip. Thou — hast disarm'd my rage, and in its room,
A world of shame and softer passions come;
Such as the first efforts of love inspire;
When by thy charming eyes my soul was fir'd.

Er. I must confess your fears are seeming just,
But here to free you from the least mistrust,
I swear, whilst I'm your Wife, I'll not allow
Birth to a thought that tends to injuring you.

Alcip. Not to believe thee, were a sin above
The injuries I have done thee by my love.

—Ah, my *Erminda*, might I hope at least
To share the pity of that lovely breast,
By slow degrees, I might approach that Throne;
Where now the blest *Philander* reigns alone.

Perhaps in time my passion might redeem,
That now too faithful heart y^e have given to him;
Do but forbear to hear his Amorous tales,
Nor from his moving eyes learn what he ails:
A fire that's kindled cannot long survive,
If one add naught to keep the flame alive.

Er. I will not promise; what I mean to do
My Vertue only shall oblige me to.

Alcip. But Madam, what d^you mean by this reserve?

To what intent does all this coldness serve;
Is there no pity to my sufferings due?
And will you still my languishments renew?
Come, come, recal what you have rashly said:
And own to morrow that thou art no maid:
Thy blushes do betray thy willingness,
And in thy lovely eyes I read success.

Er. A double tie obliges me to be
Strict to my Vows, my Love and Amity;
For my own sake the first I'll ne^re decline,
And I would gladly keep the last for thine.

Alcip. Madam, you strangely do improve my pain,
To give me hopes you must recal again.

Er. Alcippus, you this language will forbear,
When you shall know how powerful you are;
For whilst you here endeavour to subdue,
The best of Women languishes for you.

Alcip. Erminia, do not mock my misery,
For, though you cannot love, yet pity me;
That you allow my passion no return,
Is weight enough, you need not add your scorn;
In this your cruelty is too severe.

Er. Alcippus, you mistake me every where.

Alcip. To whom, *Erminia*, do I owe this fate?

Er. To morrow all her story I'll relate,
Till than the promise I the Princess made,
I beg you would permit might be obey'd.

Alcip. You, Madam, with so many charms assault,
You need not question but you shall prevail;
Thy powers not lessen'd in thy being mine,
But much augmented in my being thine,
The glory of my chains may raise me more,
Ere I am still that slave I was before.

[*Exeunt severally*]

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Philander and Alcander. [The Prince half undress'd]

Phi. What's a Clock, *Alcander*.

Alc. 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed.

Phi.

Phi. To bed, friend ; What to do ?

Alc. To sleep, Sir, as you were wont to do.

Phi. Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me ;
He never sleep again. —

Alc. This is an humour, Sir, you must forsake,

Phi. Never, never, oh *Alcander*.

Dost know where my *Erminia* lies to Night ?

Alc. I guess, Sir.

Phi. Where ? Nay prithee speak,
Indeed I shall not be offended at it.

Alc. I know not why you should Sir ;

She's where she ought, a bed with young *Alcippus*.

Phi. Thou speak'st thy real thoughts.

Alc. Why should your Highness doubt it ?

Phi. By Heaven there is no faith in Woman-kind,
Alcander, dost thou know an honest woman ?

Alc. Many Sir.

Phi. I do not think ; it is impossible ;

Erminia, if it could have been, were she,
But she has broke her Vows which I held sacred,
And plays the wanton in anothers Arms.

Alc. Sir, do you think it just to wrong her so.

Phi. Oh would thou couldst perswade me that I did so.
Thou know'st the Oaths and Vows she made to me,
Never to marry any other than my self,
And you *Alcander* wrought me to believe them.
But now her Vows to marry none but me,
Are given to *Alcippus*, and in his bosom breath'd,
With balmy whispers whilst the ravish'd youth,
For every syllable returns ro a kiss,
And in the height of all his extasie,
Philander's dispossest'd and quite forgotten.
Ah charming maid is this your love to me,
Yet now thou art no maid, nor lov'st not me,
And I the fool to let thee know my weakness.

Alc. Why do you thus proceed to vex your self,
To question what you list, and answer what you please ?
Sir, this is not the way to be at ease.

Phi. Ah dear *Alcander*, what wouldst have me do ?

Alc. Do that which may preserve you ;

Do that which every man in love would do ;
Make it your business to possess the object.

Phi. What meanest thou, is she not married ? —

Alc. What then, she's all about her, that she had,
Of Youth and Beauty she is Mistress still,
And may dispose it how, and where she will.

Phi. Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee,

What means all this discourse, art thou honest?

Alcan. As most men of my Age.

Pbi. And wouldst thou counsel me to such a sin?

For ——— I do understand ——— thee.

Alcan. I know not what you term so.

Pbi. I never thought thou'dst been so great a Villain

To urge me to a crime would damn us all,

Why dost thou smile, hast thou done well in this?

Alcan. I thought so, or I'de kept it to my self.

Sir, ere you grow in rage at what I've said,

Do you think I love you, or believe my life

Were to be valued more than your repose?

You seem to think it is not.

Pbi. Possibly I may.

Alc. The sin of what I have propos'd to you

You only seem to hate; Sir is it so?

—If such religious thoughts about you dwell,

Why is it that you thus perplex your self?

Self-murder sure, is much the greater sin.

Erminia too, you say has broke her vows,

She that will swear and lye, will do the rest.

And of these evils, this I think the least;

And as for me I never thought it sin.

Pbi. And canst thou have so poor a thought of her?

Alcan. I hope you'll find her Sir as willing to't

As I am to suppose it, nay believe't,

Shee'l look upon't as want of love and courage

Should you not now attempt it?

You know Sir there's no other remedy,

Take no denial but the Game pursue,

For what she will refuse, she wishes you.

Pbi. With such pretensions——she may angry grow.

Alc. I never heard of any that were so,

For though the will to do't, and power they want,

They love to hear of what they cannot grant.

Pbi. No more,

Is this your duty to your Prince *Alcander*?

You were not wont to counsel thus amiss,

'Tis either disrespect or some design:

I could be wondrous angry with thee now,

But that my grief has such possession here,

'Twill make no room for rage.

Alcan. I cannot Sir repent of what I've said,

Since all the errors which I have committed,

Are what my passion to your interest led me to,

But yet I beg your Highness would recal

That fence which would persuade you 'tis unjust.

Pbi. Name it no more, and I'll forgive it thee.

Alc. I can obey you Sir.

Phi. What shall we do to night, I cannot sleep?

Alc. I'm good at watching, and doing any thing.

Phi. We'll Serenade the Ladies and the Bride.

—The first we may disturb, but she I fear

Keeps watch with me to night, though not like me.

Enter a Page of the Princess.

Phil. How now Boy,
Is the Musick ready which I spoke for?

Pag. They wait your Highnesses command.

Phi. Bid them prepare, I'm coming.

[*Exeunt Page.*]

Soft touches may allay the discords here,
And sweeten, though not lessen my despair.

SCEN. V.

[*The Court Gallery.*]

Enter Pisaro alone.

Pisa. Ha! who's that, a Lover on my Life,
This amorous malady reigns every where;

Nor can my Sister be an ignorant

Of what I saw this night in *Gallatea*:

I'll question her — Sister, *Aminra*, Sister,

[*Calls as at her Lodgings.*]

Lyc. VWho calls my Lady?

[*Enter a Maid.*]

Pis. Where's my Sister?

Lyc. I cry your Lordships mercy,

My Lady lyes not in her Lodgings to night,

The Princess sent for her,

Her Highness is not well.

[*She goes in.*]

Pis. I do believe it, good night *Lycet*.

[*Enter a Page.*]

— VWho's there,

Pag. Your Lordships Page.

Pis. VWhere hast thou been? I wanted thee but now.

Pag. I fell asleep i'th Lobby Sir, and had not wakened

Yet, but for the Musick which plays at the Lodgings

Of my Lady *Erminia*,

Pis. Curse on them; will they not allow him nights
To himself; 'tis hard.

This night I'me wiser grown by observation,

My love and friendship taught me jealousy,

VWhich like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence,

From every eye less wary than its own;

That told me that the charming *Gallatea*,

In whom all power remains,

Is yet too feeble to encounter love;

I find she has receiv'd the wanton God,

Maugre my fond opinion of her soul,

And

And 'tis my friend too that's become my Rival.
 I saw her lovely eyes still turn on him,
 As Flowers to th'Sun: and when he turn'd away
 Like those, she bow'd her charming head again.
 — On th'other side the Prince with dying looks
 Each motion watch'd of fair *Erminias* eyes,
 Which she return'd as greedily again,
 And if one glance t' *Alcippus* she directed,
 He'd stare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.
 Well friend thou hast a sure defence of me
 My Love is yet below my amity.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE. VI.

Draws off, discovers Philander and Alcander with Musick at the Chamber door of Erminia, to them Pisaro who listens whilst the Song is sung.

The Song for the Page to sing at *Erminias* Chamber Door.

*Amintas that true hearted Swain
 Upon a Rivers bank was laid,
 Where to the pitying streams he did complain
 On Sylvia that false charming maid,
 But she was still regardless of his pain:
 Oh! faithless Sylvia! would he cry
 And what he said the Echo's would reply.
 Be kind, or else I dye, E. I dye.
 Be kind or else I dye, E. I dye.*

*A shower of tears his eyes let fall,
 Which in the River made impress,
 Then sigh, and Sylvia false again would call,
 A cruell faithless Shepherdess,
 Is love with you become a criminal.
 Ah lay aside this needless scorn,
 Allow your poor adorer some return,
 Consider how I burn, E. I burn.
 Consider, &c.*

*Those smiles and kisses which you give,
 Remember Sylvia, are my due;
 And all the joys my Rival does receive
 He ravishes from me not you.
 Ah Sylvia; can I live and this believe?
 Incensibles are touch'd to see
 My languishments, and seem to pity me.
 Which I demand of thee, E. of thee,
 Which I demand, &c.*

Pis. What's all this ?

Pbi. Who's there ?

Pis. A man a friend to the General.

Pbi. Then thou'rt an enemy to all good men.
Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head,
And send his Spies abroad ?

Pis. He is too great to fear, and needs them not ;
And him thou termest so, scorns the office too.

Pbi. What makest thou here then when the whole World's asleep ?
Be gone, there lies thy way
Where ere thy business be.

Pis. It lies as free for thee, and here's my business.

Pbi. Thou liest, Rude man.

Pis. Why, what art thou darrest tell me so it'h' dark ?
Day had betray'd thy blushes for this boldness.

Pbi. Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate ?

Pis. One that dares make it good.

Pbi. Draw then, and keep thy word.

Alcan. Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir.

[*He steps between them, they fight, Pisaro falls.*]

— Here's thy reward who e're thou art.

Pbi. Hast thou no hurt ?

Alcan. I think not much, yet somewhere 'tis I bleed.

Pis. What a dull beast am I

[*Exeunt Prince and Alcan.*]

Pag. My Lord, ist' you are fallen ?

Help, Murther, Murther.

Pis. Hold, Bawling Dog.

Enter Alcippus in his Night-gown, with a Sword in his hand, a Page with Lights.

Alcip. 'Twas hereabouts — who's this, *Pisaro* wounded ! [*He looks up.*]
How camest thou thus ? Come up into my arms.

Pis. 'Twas Jealousie, *Alcippus*, that wild Monster,
Who never leaves us till he has thus betray'd us.

— Pox on't, I am asham'd to look upon thee.

I have disturb'd you to no purpose, Sir.

I am not wounded, go to bed agen.

Alc. I'll see thee to thy Lodgings first, *Pisaro*.

Pis. 'Twill be unkind both to your self and me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Enter Philander and Alcander with a Light.

Alcan. He's gone who e're he be.

Pbi. It could not be *Alcippus*.

Alcan. I rather fear *Pisaro*,

— But we soon enough shall know : Who's this ?

Enter Erminia in her Night-gown, and Isillia with Lights.

Er. Methought I heard *Alcippus* and the Prince

E

Before

Before the cry of Murder.

I die if those two Rivals have encounter'd.

Pbi. Ah Madam, cease that fear; they both are safe
From all, but from the wounds which you have given them

Er. Oh Gods, what make you here, and where's *Alcippus*?

Pbi. Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.

Er. Alas Sir, what do you mean? what have you done?
And where have you bestow'd him?

Pbi. Why all this high concern, *Erminia*?

Has he so reconcil'd you to him since I saw you last?

This is not kind to me.

Er. Oh tell not me of kindness, where's *Alcippus*?

Alcan. Madam, of whom do you demand *Alcippus*?
Neither of us have seen him.

Pbi. Go, You are a Woman, a vain peevish creature.

Er. Sir, 'tis but just you should excuse my fear,
Alcippus is my Husband, and his safety
Ought to become my care.

Pbi. How *Erminia*.

Can you so soon yield up my right to him,
And not blush, whilst you own your Perjury?

Er. Now Sir, you are much too blame,
I could have born the rest, but this concerns me,
I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you,
Since you are grown but to suspect I have not.

Pbi. Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my passion;
It was a sin so natural,

That even thy unkindly taking it,
Approach'd too near it, not to gain my Pardon;
But tell me why you askt me for *Alcippus*?

Er. Sir, e're I could dispose my eyes to sleep,
I heard the Musick at my Chamber-door,
And such a Song as could be none but yours;
But that was finish'd in a noise less pleasant,
In that of Swords and quarrel;
And amongst which,
I thought I heard yours and *Alcippus* voice.
(For I have kept my word, and lay not with him,)
This brought me hither, but if I mistook,
Once more I beg your pardon.

Pbi. Thou hast restor'd me to a world of joys,
By what thou now hast said.

Enter Alcippus, his Sword in his Hand, a Page with light, he stands a while.

Alcip. *Erminia*! and the Prince! embracing too!

I dream, and know she could not be thus base,
Thus false and loose——

But hear, I am inform'd it is no Vision;

— This

— This was design'd before, I find it now; [*Lays his hand on his heart.*

Er. Alcippus, oh my fears.

[*Goes to them, takes her by the hand.*

Alcip. Yes Madam =

Too soon arriv'd for his and your repose.

Pbi. Alcippus, touch her not.

Alcip. Not touch her, by Heaven I will,
And who shall hinder me?

Who ist dares say I shall not touch my wife?

Pbi. Villian thou ly'st.

Alcip. That y'are my Prince shall not defend you here,
Draw Sir, for I have laid respect aside.

Strikes, they fight a little, Alcippus is wounded, Alcander supports him.

Er. Oh Gods what mean you, hold *Phitander*, hold.

Pbi. Life of my soul, retire,

I cannot hear that voice and disobey,
And you must needs esteem him at low rates,
Who sells thee and his Honour for a tear.

Er. Upon my knees I beg to be obey'd,

[*she kneels.*

— But if I must not, here discharge your anger.

Pbi. You are too great a Tyrant where you may.

[*Exeunt Erminia and Alcippus.*

Pbi. Stay! shall I let her go? shall her Commands,

Though they have power to take my life away,
Have force to suffer me to injure her?

Shall she be made a prey, and I permit it?

Who only have the interest to forbid it?

— No, let me be accus'd then.

[*offers to follow.*

Alc. What mean you, Sir?

Pbi. Force the bold Ravisher to resign my right.

Alcander. Is not she my Wife, and I his Prince?

Alc. 'Tis true, Sir,

And you've both power and justice on your side;
And there are times to exercise 'em both.

Pbi. Fitter than this, *Alcander*?

Alc. This night *Erminia's* promise may repose you.
To morrow is your own—

Till then I beg y'de think your interest safe,

Pbi. Alcander, thou hast peace about thee, and canst judge
Better than I, 'twixt what is just and fit,

[*puts up his Sword.*

I hitherto believ'd my flame was guided

By perfect Reason, so we often find

Vessels conducted by a peaceful wind,

And meet no opposition in their way,

Cut a safe passage through the flattering Sea;

But when a storm the bounding vessel throws,

It does each wave with equal rage oppose;

For when the Seas are mad, could that be calm
Like me, it wou'd be ruin'd in the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Pis. 'Tis much, my Lord, you'll not be satisf'd.
— *Alcip.* Friendship's too near a kin to love *Pisaro*,
To leave me any peace, whilst in your eyes
I read Reserves, which 'tis not kind to hide;

— Come prithee tell me what the quarrel was,
And who 'twas with, thou shalt my dear *Pisaro*.

Pis. Nay, now you urge me to impossibilities,
Good faith, I cannot tell, but guess the Prince.

Alcip. 'Tis true, *Pisaro*, 'twas indeed the Prince.
But what was th' occasion?

Pis. He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th' affront,
But took no notice that he was my Prince;
It was a folly I repented of;

But 'twas in a damn'd melancholly Mood.

Alcip. Was it a going in or coming out.

Pis. From whence?

Alcip. *Erminia's* Chamber, prithee let me know,
For I have fears that take away my sleep,

Fears that will make me mad, stark mad, *Pisaro*.

Pis. You do not well to fear without a cause.

Alcip. O friend, I saw what thou canst ne're conceive;
Last night I saw it when I came from thee:

And if thou go'st about t'impose upon me,

I'll cast thee from my soul; Come out with it,

I see thy breast heave with a generous ardour,

As if it scorn'd to harbor a reserve,

Which stood not with its Amity to me.

Could I but know my fate, I could despise it:

But when 'tis clad in Robes of innocence,

The devil cannot scape it:

Something was done last night that gnaws my heart-strings;

And many things the Princess too let fall,

Which, Gods! I know not how to put together,

And prithee be not thou a Ridler too:

But if thou knew'st of ought that may concern me,

Make me as wise as thou art.

Pis. Sir, you are of so strange a jealous Humour,

And I, so strangely jealous of your Honour,

That twixt us both we may make work enough,

But on my Soul I know no wrong you have.

Alcip.

Alcip. I must believe thee, yet methinks thy face
Has put on an unwonted gravity.

Pis. That, *Alcippus*, you'll not wonder at,
When you shall know you are my Rival.

Alcip. Nay, why shouldst thou delay me thus with stories?
This shall not put me off.

Pis. Sir, I'm in earnest, you have gain'd that heart,
For which I've receiv'd so many wounds,
Venturing for Trophies where none durst appear,
To gain at my Return one single smile:
Or that she would submit to hear my story:
And when sh' has said, 'twas bravely done, *Pisaro*,
I thought the glory recompenc'd the toil,
And sacrific'd my Lawrels at her feet:
Like those who pay their first-fruits to the Gods,
To beg a blessing on the following crop.
And never made her other signs of love,
Nor knew I that I had that easie flame,
Till by her eyes I found that she was mortal,
And could love too, and that my friend is you.

Alcip. Thou hast amaz'd me, prithee speak more clearly,

Pis. My Lord, the Princess has a passion for you,
Have I not reason now to be your enemy?

Alcip. Not till I make returns:

But now I'm past redemption miserable.
'Twas she *Erminia* told me dy'd for me;
And I believ'd it but affright of hers,
To put me from my Courtship.

Pis. No 'twas a fatal truth,

Alcippus, had'st thou seen her, whilst the Priest
Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*
What languishment appear'd upon her eyes?
Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd face,
(Through which her melting Soul in drops distill'd,
As if she meant to wash away thy sin,
In giving up that right belong'd to her,
Thou had'st without my aid found out this truth,
A sweet composure dwelt upon her looks
Like Infants who are smiling whilst they dye,
Nor knew she that she wept, so unconcern'd
And freely did her soul a passage find,
Whilst I transported had almost forgot
The Reverence due t'her sacred self and place,
And every moment ready was to kneel
And with my lips gather the precious drops
Androb the Holy Temple of a Relique,
Fit only there to inhabit.

Alcip. I never thought thou'dst had this softness thee,

How can'st thou friend to hide all this from me?

Pis. My Lord, I knew not that I was a lover ;
I felt no flame, but a Religious ardour,
That did inspire my Soul with adoration,
And so remote I was from ought but such,
I knew not hope, nor what it was to wish
For other blessings than to gaze upon her,
Like Heaven I thought she was to be possess'd
Where carnal thoughts can no admittance find,
And had I not perceived her love to you,
I had not known the nature of my flame,
But then I found it out by jealousy,
And what I took for a Seraphick motion
I now decline as criminal and earthly.

Alcip. When she can love to a discovery,
It shows her passion eminent and high
—— But I am married —— to a maid that hates me ;
What help for that *Pisaro* ?

And thou hast something too to say of her,
What wast; for now thou hast undone me quite.

Pis. I have nought to say to her dishonour, Sir,
But something may be done may give you cause
To stand upon your Guard ;
And if your Rage do not the Mastery get,
I cannot doubt but you'll be happy yet.

Alcip. Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,
And yet I find a certain shame within
That will not suffer me to see the Princess,
I have a kind of War within my soul,
My love against my Glory and my Honour,
And I could wish, —— Alas I know not what,
Prithee instruct me.

Pis. Sir take a resolution to be calm
And not like men in love abandon reason :
—— You may observe the actions of these lovers,
But be not passionate whate're you find.
That head-strong Devil will undo us all.
If you'll be happy quit its company.

Alcip. I fain would take thy counsel ——

Pis. —— Come clear up my Lord, and do not hang the head
Like Flowers in storms ; the Sun will shine again
Set *Gallatea's* charms before your eyes,
Think of the glory to divide a Kingdom.
And do not waste your Noble youth and time,
Upon a peevish heart you cannot gain.
This day you must to th' Camp, and in your absence
Ile take upon me what I scorn'd last night,

pauses.

The office of a spy —

Believe me, Sir; for by the Gods I swear,
I never wish'd the glory of a Conquest
With half that zeal as to compose these differences.

Alcip. I do believe thee, and will tell thee something
That pass'd between the Prince and I last night,
And then thou wilt conclude me truly miserable.

Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Enter Falatius, Labree, as passing by meet Cletonis.

Cle. Your Servant, my Lord.

— so coldly, stay—your reason, Sir.

[*Fal. puts off his Hat a little, and passes on.*]

Fal. How mean you, Sir?

Cle. Do you not know me?

Fal. Yes I have seen you, and think you are *Cleontius*,
A Servant of the Princes; wert i'th' Campania too,
If I mistake not.

Cle. Can you recall me by no better instances?

Fal. What need of any, pray?

Cle. I am a Gentleman.

Fal. Ha *Labree*, what means he now?

By *Jove* I do not question it, *Cleontius*:
What need this odd Punctilio?

I call thee to no account.

Cle. That's more than I can say to you, Sir.

Fal. I'll excuse you for that.

Cle. You shall not need, Sir: stay, I have a Sister.

Fal. Oh the Devil, now he begins.

Cle. A handsome Sister too, or you deceiv'd her.

Labree. Bear up, Sir, be not huff.

Fal. It may be so, but is she kind, *Cleontius*?

[*aside.*
Fal. bears up.]

Cle. What mean you by that word?

Lab. Again Sir, here's too to one.

[*aside.*]

Fa. Will she do reason, or so, you understand me.

Cle. I understand that thou'rt an impudent fellow,
Whom I must cudgel into better manners.

Fa. Pox on't who bears up now *Labree*?

Cle. Beat till thou dost confess thou art an ass.

And on thy knees confess it to *Isilia*,
Who after that shall scorn thee.

Lab. Rally with him Sir, 'tis your only way, and put it
Off with a jest, for he's in fury, but dares not
Strike i'th' Court.

Fa. But must you needs do this, needs fight *Cleontius*?

Cle. Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin'd tot.

Fa. You shall have your desire, Sir, farewell.

Cle. When, and where?

Fa.

Fa. Faith very suddenly, for I think it will not be
 Hard to find men of your trade
 Men that will fight as long as you can do,
 And Men that love it much better than I,
 Men that are poor, and damn'd, fine desperate Rogues,
 Rascals that for a Pattacoon a Man
 Will fight their Fathers,
 And kiss their Mothers into peace again.
 Such Sir, I think will fit you?

Cle. Abusive Coward hast thou no sence of honour.

Fa. Sence of honour, ha, ha, ha, poor *Cleontius*.

Enter Aminta and Olinda.

Am. How now servant, why so jovial?

Fa. I was laughing Madam — at —

Cle. At what, thou thing of nothing —

Am. Cozen *Cleontius* you are angry.

Cle. Madam, it is unjustly then, for fools
 Should rather move the spleen to mirth than anger.

Am. You've too much wit to take ought ill from him,
 Let's know your quarrel.

Fa. By *Jove Labree* I am undone again.

Cle. Madam, it was about —

Fa. Hold dear *Cleontius*, hold, and I'll do any thing.

Cle. Just nothing —

Fa. He was a little too familiar with me —

Cle. Madam, my Sister *Isillia* —

Fa. A curse he will out with it —

Cle. Confess she is your Mistress. [*aside.*

Fa. I call my Mistress Madam.

Am. My Cozen *Isillia* your Mistress,
 Upon my word you are a happy Man.

Fa. By *Jove* if she be your Cozen, Madam,
 I love her much the better for't.

Am. I am beholding to you,
 But then it seems I've lost a lover of you.

Cle. Confess she has or I'll so handle you.

Fa. That's too much *Cleontius* — but I will,
 By *Jove*, Madam, I must not have a Mistress that
 Has more wit than my self, they ever require
 More than a Mans able to give them.

Oli. Is this your way of Courtship to *Isillia*?

Fa. By *Jove*, Ladies, you get no more of that from me,
 'Tis that has spoyled you all; I find *Alexander* can
 Do more with a dumb shew, than I with all my
 Applications and address.

Oli. Why, my Brother can speak.

[*aside.*

[*aside pulls him
by the Arm.*

[*Exit Labree.*

[*Exit. Cle.*

Fa. Yes, if any body durst hear him, by *Jove* if you
Be not kind to him, he'll Hektor you all; I'll get
The way on't too, 'tis the most prosperous one; I see no
Other reason you have to love *Alcander*
Better than I.

Am. Why should you think I do?

Fa. Devil I see't well enough by your continual
Quarrels with him.

Am. Is that so certain a proof?

Fa. Ever whilst you live, you treat me too
Well ever to hope.

Enter Alcander, kneels, offers his Sword to Aminta.

—What new Masquerade's this? by *Jove*, *Alcander*
Has more tricks than a dancing Bear.

Am. What mean you by this present?

Alc. Kill me.

Am. What have you done to merit it?

Alcan. Do not ask, but do't.

Am. I'll have a reason first.

Alcan. I think I've kill'd *Pisaro*.

Am. My Brother dead!

Fa. Madam look up, 'tis I that call.

Am. I care not who thou beest, but if a Man

Revenge me on *Alcander*.

Fa. By *Jove* she has mistook her man,

This 'tis to be a lover now,
A Man's never out of one broyle or other.

But I have more wit than *Aminta* this bout.

Alcan. Come back and do your duty ere you go.

Fa. I owe you much *Alcander*.

Alcan. *Aminta* said you should revenge her on me —

Fa. Her word's not Law I hope.

Alcan. And I'll obey — — —

Fa. That may do much indeed.

Alcan. This if thou wert a man she bad thee do,
Why dost thou shake?

Fa. No, no, Sir, I am not the man she meant.

Alcan. No matter thou wilt serve as well,
A Lover! and canst disobey this Mistress?

Fa. I do disown her since she is so wicked
To be me kill my friend,

Why thou'rt my friend *Alcander*.

Alcan. I'll forgive thee that.

Fa. So will not His Majesty: I may be hang'd for't.

Alcan. Thou shouldst be damn'd ere disobey thy Mistress.

Fa. These be degrees of Love I am not yet arriv'd

[*She falls into the
arms of Olinda.*

[*She goes out with Olin.*

[*Offers to go.
Pulls him.*

[*Fal. answers with great
signs of fear.*

At, when I am, I shall be as ready to be damn'd
In honour as any lover of you all.

Alcan. Owns Sin, d'ye rally with me?

Fa Your pardon, sweet *Alcander*, I protest I am
Not in so gay an humour.

Alcan. For well I had forgot my self. [*Exit.*

Fa. Stark mad, by *Jove*—yet it may be not, for
Alcander has many unaccountable Humours;
Well, if this be agreeable to *Aminta*, she's e'ne as
Mad as he, and 'twere great pity to part them.

Enter Pisaro, Aminta and Olinda.

Am. Well, have you kill'd him?

Fa. Some wiser than some, Madam.

—My Lord — what alive?

Pis. Worth two dead men, you see. [*See Pisaro runs to him*

Fa. That's more than I could have said
Within this half hour. *and embraces him.*

Alcander's a very *Orlando*, by *Jove*, and gone to
Seek out one that's madder yet than himself, that will
Kill him.

Am. Oh, dear *Falatus*, run and fetch him back.

Fa. Madam, I have so lately 'scap'd a scouring,
That I wish you would take it for a mark
Of my passion to disobey you, for he is in a damn'd
Humour.

Am. He's out of it by this, I warrant you;
But do not tell him that *Pisaro* lives.

Fa. That's as I shall find occasion. [*Fal. Exit.*

Pis. *Alcander* is a worthy youth and brave,
I wish you would esteem him so;

'Tis true, there's now some difference between us,
Our interest are dispos'd to several ways,

But time and management will joyn us all:

I'll leave you, but prithee make it thy business,

To get my Pardon for my last nights rudeness.

Am. I shall not fail. [*Exit.*

Enter Alcander melancholy.

Fa. Here, Madam, here he is.

Am. Tell me, *Alcander*, why you treat me thus?
You say you love me, if I could believe you.

Alcan. Believe a man; a way, you have no wit,
I'll say as much to every pretty woman.

Am. But I have given you no cause to wrong me.

Alcan. That was my fate, not fault, I knew him not:
But yet to make up my offence to you,
offer you my life: for I'm undone,

If any faults of mine should make you sad.

Am. Here, take your Sword again, my Brother's well.

[*She gives him his Sword again.*]

Fa. Yes, by *Jove*, as I am: you had been finely
Serv'd if I had kill'd you now.

Am. What sorry for the news, ha, ha, ha.

Alcan. No, sorry: y'are a woman, a meer woman.

Am. Why did you ever take me for a man? ha, ha.

Alcan. Thy soul, I thought was all so; but I see
You have your weakness, can dissemble too;

— I would have tworn that sorrow in your face,
Had been a real one:

Nay, you can die in jest: you can, false Woman;
I hate thy Sex for this.

Fa. By *Jove*, there is no truth in them, that's flat.

[*She looks sad.*]

Alcan. Why that repentant look, what new design?

— Come, now a tear or two to second that,
And I am soft again, a very Afs.

— But yet that look would call a Saint from th' altar,
And make him quite forget his Ceremony,
Or take thee for his Deity:

— But yet thou hast a very Hell within,
Which those bewitching eyes draw souls into.

Fa. Here's he that fits you, Ladies.

Am. Nay, now y'are too unjust, and I will leave you.

[*Holds her.*]

Alcan. Ah, do not go, I know not by what Magick,
But as you move, my soul yields that way too.

Fa. The truth on't is, she has a strong Magnetick
Power, that I find.

Alcan. But I would have none find it but my self,
No soul but mine shall sympathize with hers.

Fa. Nay, that you cannot help.

Alcan. Yes but I can, and take it from thee if I thought it did so.

Ol. No quarrels here I pray.

Fa. Madam, I owe a Reverence to the place.

Alcan. I'll scarce allow thee that;

Madam, I'll leave you to your Lover.

Am. I hate thee but for saying so.

Alcan. Quit him then.

Am. So I can and thee too.

Alcan. The Devil take me if you scape me so.

Fa. And I'll not be out-dore in importunity.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

Enter Gallatea and Erminia.

Er. And 'tis an act below my Quality;

Which, Madam, will not suffer me to flee.

Gall. Erminia, ere you boast of what you are:

Since you're so high I'll tell you what you are :
 Your Father was our General 'tis true,
 That Title justly to his sword was due ;
 'Twas nobly gain'd, and worth his blood and toils,
 Had he been satisfi'd with noble spoils ;
 But with that single Honour not content,
 He needs must undermine the Government;
 And 'cause had gain'd the Army to his side,
 Believ'd his Treason must be justifi'd.
 For this (and justly) he was banish'd,
 Where whilst a low and unknown life he led,
 Far from the hope and glory of a Throne,
 In a poor humble Cottage you were born,
 Your early Beauty did it self display,
 Nor could no more conceal it self than day :
 Your eyes did first *Philanders* soul inspire,
 And Fortune too conform'd her to his fire.
 That made your Father greater than before,
 And what he justly lost that did restore.
 'Twas that which first thy beauty did disclose,
 Which else had wither'd like an unseen Rose ;
 'Twas that which brought thee to the Court, and there
 Dispos'd thee next my self, i'th' highest sphere :
 Alas obscurely else should 't liv'd and di'd,
 Not knowing thy own charms, nor yet this Pride.

Er. Madam in this your bounty is severe,
 Be pleas'd to spare that repetition here.
 I hope no Action of my life should be
 So rude to charge your generosity :
 But Madam do you think it just to pay
 Your great obligations by so false a way ?
Alcippus passion merits some return,
 And should that prove but an ingrateful scorn ;
 Alas I am his wife, to disobey
 My fame, as well as duty, I betray.

Gall. Perfidious Maid, I might have thought thou'dst prove
 False to thy Prince, and Rival in my Love.
 I thought too justly he that conquer'd me
 Had a sufficient power to captive thee ;
 Thou'lt now reveng'd thy Fathers shame and thine
 In taking thus *Philanders* life and mine.

Er. weeps.

Er. Ah madam that you would believe my tears,
 Or from my vows but satisfy your fears.
 By all the Gods *Alcippus* I do hate,
 And would do any thing to change my fate ;
 Ought that were just and noble I dare do.

Gall. Enough *Erminia*, I must credit you,

And

And will no other proof of it require,
 But that you'll now submit to my desire;
 Indeed *Erminia*, you must grant my suit,
 Where Love and Honour calls, make no dispute.
 Pity a youth that never lov'd before,
 Remember 'tis a Prince that does adore;
 Who offers up a heart that never found
 It could receive, till from your eyes a wound.

Er. To your command should I submit to yield,
 Where could-I from *Alcippus* be conceal'd?
 What could defend me from his jealous rage,

Ga. Trust me, *Erminia*, I'll for that engage.

Er. And then my honour by that flight's overthrow'n.

Ga. That being *Philanders*, he'll preserve his own;
 And that *Erminia*, sure will ne're distrust.

Er. Ah Madam, give me leave to fear the worst.

Enter Aminta.

Am. Madam, *Alcippus* waits for your Commands,
 He's going to the Camp.

Gall. Admit him.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Gall. *Alcippus*, 'tis too soon to leave *Erminia*.

Alcip. I with the thought so, Madam,
 Or could believe with what regret I do so;
 She then would think my faults were much too small;
 For such a Pennance as my Soul must suffer.

Am. No matter, Sir, you have the year before you.

Alcip. Yes Madam, so has every Galley-slave,
 That knows his toyl, but not his recompence;
 To morrow I expect no more content,
 Than this uneasy day afforded me;
 And all before me is but one grand piece
 Of endless grief and madness:

— You, Madam, taught *Erminia* to be cruel:
 A Vice without your aid she could have learnt;
 And now to exercise that new taught Art,
 She tries the whole experience on my heart.

Gall. If she do so, she learnt it not of me,
 I love, and therefore know no cruelty:
 Such out rage cannot well with love reside,
 Which only is the mean effect of Pride:

— I merit better thoughts from you, *Alcippus*.
Alcip. Pardon me, Madam, if my passion stray;
 Beyond the limits of my high respect;

— 'Tis a rude gust, and merits your reproaches:
 But yet the sawcy flame can ne're controul
 That adoration which I owe my Princess.

That

That, with Religion, took possession here. To long to do shall be
And in my prayers I mix you with the Deities. And I will pray for you
Gall. I'd rather you should treat me as a Mortal, than as a God.
Rise and begin to do so. *[Rises and bows.]*

Alcip. Now, Madam, what must I expect from you?

Er. Alcipus, all that's to your Verse due.

Alcip. In that but common justice you allow.

Er. That justice, Sir, is all I can bestow.

Alcip. In justice then you ought to me resign,

That which the Holy Priest entitl'd mine;

Yet that, without your heart, I do despise,

For uncompell'd I'de have that sacrifice:

—Come ease me of that pain that presses here,

Give me but hope, that may secure my fear;

I'm not asham'd to own my Soul possess'd

With Jealousie, that takes away my rest.

—Tell me you'll love, or that my suit is vain,

Do any thing to ease me of my pain.

Gods Madam, why d'ye keep me in suspense,

This cannot be the effects of innocence;

By Heaven I'll know the cause where ere it lies,

Nor shall you fool me with your feign'd disguise.

Pis. You do forget your promise, and this presence. *[Aside to Alcip.]*

Alcip. 'Twas kindly urg'd, prithee be near me still,

And tell me of the faults that look unmanly.

Gall. Dear, if thou lov'st me, flatter him a little. *[To Er. aside.]*

Er. 'Tis hard to do, yet I will try it, Madam.

Gall. He leave you that you may the better do so.

—I hope *Alcippus*, you'll revisit us,

With Lovers speed:

And whatsoever treatment now you find,

At your return you'll find us much more kind. *[He bows, she goes out.]*

Alcip. Can you forgive the rashness of a man,

That knows no other Laws but those of passion?

Er. You are unkind to think I do not Sir.

—Yes, and am grown so sof'n'd by my pity,

That I'm afraid I shall neglect my Vows,

And to return your passion, grow ingrate.

Alcip. A few more syllables express'd like these,

Will raise my Soul up to the worst extremity,

And give me with your scorn an equal torment.

Er. See what a power your language has upon me. *[Weeps.]*

Alcip. Ah, do not weep, a tear or two's enough,

For the Completion of your Cruelty,

That when it fail'd to exercise your will,

Sent those more powerful weapons from your eyes,

And what by your severity you mind of,

There

These (but a more obliging way) perform,

Gently, *Erminia*, pour the balm in,
That I may live, and taste the sweets of Love.

— Ah should you still continue as you are,

Thus wondrous good, thus excellently fair.

I should retain my growing name in War,

And all the Glories I have ventur'd for,

And fight for Crowns to recompence thy Bounty.

— This can your smiles, but when those beams are clouded,

Alas, I freeze to very Cowardice,

And have not Courage left to kill my self.

Er. A fate more glorious do's that life attend

And does preserve you for a Nobler end.

Alcip. *Erminia*, do not sooth my easie heart,

For thou my fate, and thou my Fortune art ;

Whatever other blessings Heaven design,

Without my dear *Erminia*, I decline.

Yet, Madam, let me hope before I go,

In pity that you ought to let me do.

'Tis all you shall allow m' impatient heart,

Er. That's what against my will I must impart :

But wish it please the Gods, when next we meet,

We might as friends, and not as Lovers greet.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Galatea and Aminta met by Philander and Alcander.

Phi. SO hasty Sister!

Gall. Brother, I am glad to meet you.

Aminta has some welcome news for you.

Amin. My Lord!

Erminia yet is hardly brought to yield,

She wants but some encouragement from you,

That may assist her weakness to subdue,

And 'twas but faintly she deny'd to see you.

Phi. However, I will venture,

She can but chide, and that will soon be past,

A Lovers anger is not long to last.

Amin. *Isilla*, I have won to give you entrance.

Phi. Love furnish me with powerful arguments :

Direct my tongue that my disorder'd sence

May speak my passion more than Eloquence.

Gall. But is *Alcippus* gone?

Alcan. Madam, an hour since.

Phi. 'Tis well ; and Sister,

Whilst I perswade *Erminia* to this flight ;

Make it your business to persuade the King,
 Hang on his neck, and kiss his willing cheek:
 Tell him how much you love him, and then smile,
 And mingle words with kisses; 'twill overcome him:
 Thou hast a thousand pretty flatteries,
 Which have appeas'd his highest fits of passion:
 A Song from thee has won him to that rest,
 Which neither toil nor silence could dispose him to.
 Thou know'st thy power, and now or never use it.

Gall. 'Twas thither I was going.

Phi. Mayst thou be prosperous.

[*Exeunt Phi. and Ga.*

Arpinta and Alcander stay.

Am. What now *Alcander*?

Alcan. As 'twas *Aminia*.

Am. How's that?

Alcan. Such a distracted lover as you left me.

Am. Such as I found you too, I fear, *Alcander*.

Alcan. Ah Madam do not wrong me so,

Till now I never knew the joys and sorrows

That do attend a soul in love like mine,

My passion only fits the object now,

I hate to tell you so, 'tis a poor low means

To gain a Mistress by, of so much wit.

Aminia you're above that common rate

Of being won.

Mean beauties should be flatter'd into praise,

Whilst you need only sighs from every lover

To tell you who you conquer, and not how,

Nor to instruct you what attracts you have.

Am. This will not serve to convince me,

But you have lov'd before,

Alcan. And will you never quit that error Madam?

Am. 'Tis what I've reason to believe, *Alcander*

And you can give me none for loving me,

I'm much unlike *Lucinda* whom you fight for

I'm not so coy, nor so reserv'd as she

Nor so designing as *Florana* your next Saint,

Who starv'd you up with hope, till you grew weary,

And then *Ardelia*, did restore that loss,

The little soft *Ardelia*, kind and fair too.

Alcan. You think you're wondrous witty now, *Aminia*

But hang me if you be.

Am. Indeed, *Alcander*, no 'tis simple truth,

Then for your bouncing Mistress, long *Brunetta*,

O that Majestick garb, 'tis strangely taking

That scornful look, and eyes that strike all dead that stand

Beneath them,

Alcander, I have none of all these charms,

But

But well, you say you love me; could you be
Content to dismiss these petty shapers in your heart,
And give it all to me: on these conditions
I may do much.

Alcan. Aminta, more perhaps than I may like.

Am. Do not fear that Alcan.

Alc. Your jealousy encourages that fear.

Am. If I be so, I'm the fitter for your humour.

*Alcan. That's another reason for my fears; that ill
Luck owes us a spite, and will be sure to pay us with
Loving one another, a thought I dread,
Farewel Aminta; when I can get loof from
Ardelia, I may chance wait on you, till then
Your own Pride be your companion.*

Am. Nay, you shall not go Alcan.

*Alcan. Fy on't, those looks have lost their wonted force.
I knew you'd call'd me back to smile upon me,
And then you have me sure; no, no, Aminta,
I'm no more of that,*

*Am. I have too much betray'd my passion for him
— I must recall it, if I can I must,
— I will — for should I yield my power overthrow,
And what's a Woman when that glory's gone?*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Pis. You seem'd then to be pleas'd with what he said.

*Alcip. And then methought I was so,
But yet even then I fear'd the diddible
— Gods, what's a Man possess'd with jealousy?*

*Pis. A strange wild thing, a lover without reason;
I once have prov'd the torture on't,
But as unlike to thine as good from evil
Like fire in Limbeck's mine was soft and gentle;
Infusing kindly heat till it distill'd
The spirits of the soul out at my eyes,
And so it ended.*

*But thine's a raging fire which never ceases
Till it has quite destroy'd the goodly Edifice
Where it first took beginning;
Faith strive Sir to suppress it.*

*Alcip. No, I'll not do so
And see what then will do.*

*Perhaps 'twill make me mad, or end my life,
Either of which will ease me*

Pis. Neither of these Alcip.

It will unman you, make you too despis'd;

And those that now admire, will pity you.

Alcip. What wouldst thou have me do?

Am I not ty'd a slave to follow love,

Whilst at my back freedom and honour waits,

And I have lost the power to welcome them?

Like those who meet a Devil in the night,

And all affrighted gaze upon the fury,

But dare not turn their backs to what they fear,

Though safety lye behind them.

Alas I would as willingly as those

Fly from this Devil Love.

Pis. You may like those affrighted, by degrees

Allay your sence of terror in the object,

And then its power will lessen with your fear,

And 'twill be easie to forgo the fantasme.

Alcip. No, then like the damn'd Ghost it follows me.

Pis. Let reason then approach it, and examine it.

Alcip. Love is a furly and a lawless Devil

And will not answer reason.

I must encounter it some other way,

For I will lay the Fiend.

Pis. What would you have, *Alcipus*?

Alcip. I'd have fair play *Pisara*.

— I find the cheat, and will not to the Camp;

— Thou shalt supply my place, and I'll return:

The Night grows on, and something will be done

That I must be acquainted with.

Pis. Pardon me Sir, if I refuse you here;

I find you're growing up to jealousies,

Which I'll not trust alone with you.

Alcip. Thou know'st perhaps of something worthy it.

Pis. I must confess your passions give me cause,

If I had any secrets to conceal them;

But 'tis no time nor place to make disputes in:

Will you to horse?

Alcip. Will you not think fit I should return then?

I can be calm.

Pis. What is't you mean by this return *Alcipus*?

Alcip. To see *Erminio*, is not that enough

To one in love, as I am?

Pis. But Sir, suppose you find *Philander* there?

Alcip. Then I suppose I shall not much approve on't.

Pis. You would be at your last nights rage again.

Alcipus this will ruine you for ever.

Nor is it all the power you think you have

Can save you, if he once be dubb'd.

[45]
Believe me 'twas the Prince's passion for you
Made up that breach last night.

Alcip. All this I know as well as you *Pisaro*,
But will not be abus'd; alas I'me loit,
Could I recall these two last days are past,
Ah I should be my self again, *Pisaro*.
I would refuse these fetters which I wear,
And be a slave to nothing but to glory.

Pis. That were a resolution worthy of you.
—But come 'tis late, what you resolve conclude.

Alcip. I am resolv'd I will not to the Camp,
A secret inclination does perswade me
To visit my *Erminia* to night.

Pis. Comes it from Love, or Jealousie?

Alcip. The first good, saith *Pisaro*; thou'rt so fearful—
You shall to'th' Camp before
And I'll be with you early in the morning.

Pis. Give me your hand, and promise to be calm.

Alc. By all our friendships, as the Western Winds, [gives his hand.
Nothing that's done shall e're irrage me more,
Honour's the Mistress I'll henceforth adore. [Exit.

Pis. I will not trust you though. [Goes out another way.]

ACT IV. SCENE. III. The Court Gallery.

Enter Philander and Alcander in their Cloaks muffled as in the dark.

Alcan. Isilia?

Isil. Who's there?

Alcan. A friend.

Isil. My Lord *Alcander*?

Alcan. The same.

Isil. Where's the Prince?

Phi. Here *Isilia*.

Isil. Give me your hand my Lord, and follow me.

Phi. To such a Heaven as thou conductest me to,
Though thou should'st traverse Hell I'de follow thee:

Alcan. You'l come back in charity *Isilia*?

Isil. Yes, if I dare trust you alone with me. [They go all in.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

*Draws off, discovers Erminia, in an undress, sitting so her Philander, who falls
at her feet on his knees.*

Er. My Lord the Prince, what makes your Highness here?

Phi. *Erminia*, why do you ask that needless question?

'Twas Love, Love that's unsatisfied, which brought me hither. [kneels.

Er. Rise Sir, this posture would become me better,

Phi. Permit me dear *Erminia*—to remain thus.

'Tis only by these signs I can express

What my confusion will not let me utter.
I know—not what strange power thou bear'st about thee.
But at thy sight or touch my sense forsakes me.
And that, withal I had design'd to say,
Turns to a strange disorder'd rapture in me.

— Oh *Erminia*—

Er. How do you Sir?

Phi. I am not well;

Too suddenly I pass from one extremum

To this of joy, more insupportable.

But I shall reassume my health anon

And tell thee all my story,

Er. Dear Sir, retire into this inner room,

And there repose a while.

Alas, I see disorder in your face.

Phi. This confidence of me, is generous in thee.

[*They go into the Scene which draws over.*]

ACT IV. SCENE V. [*The Court Gallery.*]

Enter Alcippus.

Alcip. The night is calm and silent as my thoughts,

Where nothing now but loves soft whispers dwell;

Who in as gentle terms upbraids my rage,

Which strove to dispossess the Monarch thence;

It tells me how dishonest all my fears are,

And how ungrateful all my jealousies,

And prettily persuade those Infidels

To be less rude and mutinous hereafter.

Ah that I could remain in this same state

And be contented with this Monarchy;

I would, if my wild multitude of passions

Could be appeas'd with it, but they're for liberty,

And nothing but a common-wealth within

Will satisfy their appetites of freedom.

— Pride, Honour, Glory, and Ambition strive

How to expell this Tyrant from my soul,

But all too weak though reason should assist them.

[*He knocks.*]

[*Alcander looks out at the door.*]

Alcan. Who's there?

Alcip. A friend.

Al. Oh Heavens it is my Lord *Alcippus* voice.

Alcan. Peace *Isillia*.

Alcip. I hear a man within—open the door at this time.

Now Love defend thy interest, or my jealousies will grow the mightier Devil of the two else.

— Who's this? one muffled in a Cloak.

What art thou, who at this dead time of night

Hast took possession here?

— Speak

—Speak or I'll kill thee.

Alcan. This were an opportunity indeed.

To do my Prince a service, but I dare not.

Alcip. What dar'st not do?

Alcan. Not kill thee.

Alc. Is that thy business then? have at the slave;

I'll spoil your keeping doors.

They fight, and grappling Alcander gets the Sword of Alcippus.

Alcip. He's got my Sword, however I'll lose no time:

It may be 'tis his office to detain me.

Alcan. I'm wounded, yet I will not leave him so;

There may be mischief in him, though unarmed.

ACT. IV. SCENE VI.

A Bed Chamber

Discovers Erminia, Philander sitting on the bed, to them Isillia, a Sword and Hat on the Table.

Ifi. Ah Madam, *Alcippus.*

Er. *Alcippus* where?

Ifi. I left him in a quarrel with *Alcander*,
And hear him coming up.

Er. For Heavens sake, Sir, submit to be conceal'd.

Phi. Not for the World, *Erminia.*

My innocence shall be my guard and thine.

Er. Upon my knees I beg you'll be conceal'd.

He comes, *Philander*, for my safety go.

Phi. I never did obey with more regret.

He hides himself behind the bed, and in haste leaves his Sword and Hat on the Table, Alcippus comes in.

Alcip. How now *Erminia*?

How come it you are up so late?

Er. I found my self not much inclin'd to sleep;

I hope 'tis no offence.

Why do you look so wildly round about you?

Alcip. Methinks *Erminia* you are much confus'd.

Er. Alas you cannot blame me;

Isillia tells me you were much inrag'd

Against a Lover she was entertaining.

Al. A Lover — was that a-time for Courtship?

Such actions, Madam, will reflect on you.

Isillia goes to take the Hat and Sword and slide into her lap, which she sees, calls to her.

—What have you there *Isillia*?

Come back and let me see what 'tis.

[He takes them from her.]

—ha — a Sword and Hat — *Erminia*, whose be these?

Er. Why do you ask —

Alcip. To be inform'd, is that so great a wonder?

Er. They be my Fathers Sir —

Alcip.

Alcip. Was that well said *Erminia*—speak again.

Er. What is't you would know?

Alcip. The truth *Erminia*, 'twould become you best.

Do you think I take these things to be your fathers?

No treacherous Woman, I have seen this sword [*Draws the Sword.*

Worn by a Man more vigorous than thy Father,
It had not else been here.

—Where have you hid this mighty Man of valour?

Have you exhausted so his stock of courage

He has not any left t'appear withal.

Pbi. Yes, base *Alcippus*, I have still that courage,

Th' effects of which thou hast beheld with wonder,

And now being fortified by innocence,

Thou'rt find sufficient to chastise thy boldness,

Restore my Sword and prove the truth of this.

Alcip. I've hardly so much calmness left to answer thee,

And tell thee Prince thou art deceiv'd in me.

—I know 'tis just I should restore thy Sword;

But thou hast shov'd the basest of thy play,

And I'll return th'uncivil treachery,

You merit death for this base injury.

But you're my Prince, and that I own you so,

Is all remains in me of fence or justice;

The rest is rage, which if thou gett'st not hence

Will eat up that small morsel too of reason,

And leave me nothing to preserve thy life with.

Pbi. Gods, am I tame, and hear the Traytor brave me, [*Offers to run into him.*

I have repentment left though nothing else.

Alcip. Stand off, by all that's good I'll kill thee else. [*Er. puts her self between.*

Er. Ah, hold Sir, hold, the Prince has no defence, [*To Alcip.*

And you are more than armed, [*To the Prince.*

—Nor would your fame be lessen'd by retreat.

Pbi. Alas I dare not leave thee here with him.

Er. Trust me Sir, I can make him calm again.

Alcip. She counfels well, and I advise you take it.

Pbi. I will, but not for fear of thee or death,

But from th' assurance that her power's sufficient

To allay this unbecoming fury in thee,

And bring thee to repentance.

*He gives him his Sword; Philander goes out, Alcippus
locks the door after him.*

Er. Alcippus, what do you mean?

Alcip. To know where 'twas you learn'd this impudence?

Which you'r too cunning in,

Not to have been a stale practitioner.

Er. Alas what will you do?

Alcip. Preserve thy soul if thou hast any sense
Of future joys, after this vile damn'd action.

Er. Ah, what have I done?

Alcip. That which if I should let thee live, *Erminia*,
Would never suffer thee to look abroad again.

— Thou'st made thy self and me —

— Oh, I dare not name the Monsters —

But I'll destroy them whilst the Gods look down,
And smile upon my justice.

He strangles her with a Garter, which he snatches from his Leg,

Er. Hold, hold, and hear my vows of innocence.

Alcip. Let me be damn'd as thou art if I do; [*Throws her on a Bed, he sits down in a Chair.*

— So now my heart, I have redeem'd thee nobly,
Sit down and pause a while —

— But why so still and tame, is one poor Murderer

Enough to satisfy thy storm of passion,

If it were just, it ought not here to end,

— If not — I've done too much — [*One knocks, he rises after a little pause, and opens the door, enter Page.*

Page. My Lord *Pisaro* —

Alcip. *Pisaro* — Oh that name has wakned me
A name till now had never terror in't,

— I will not speak with him.

Page. My Lord he's here — [*Page goes out. Enter Pisaro.*

Pis. Not speak with me, nay, then I fear the worst.

Alcip. Not for the World *Pisaro* — [*Hides his Face with his Hand, see Erminia.*

Pis. Thy guilt is here too plain,
I need not read it in thy blushing face,
She's dead, and pale, Ah, sweet *Erminia*.

Alcip. if she be dead the sifter she's for me,
She'll now be coy no more, nor cry I cannot love,
And frown and blush, when I but kiss her hand:
Now I shall read no terror in her eyes,
And what is better yet, shall ne're be jealous.

Pis. Why didst thou make such haste to be undone?
Had I detain'd thee but an hour longer,
Thoud't been the only happy of thy Sex.

— I knew thou didst dissemble when we parted,
And therefore durst not trust thee with thy passions,
I only stay'd to gather from my Sister,
What news I might concerning your affairs,
Which I with joy came to impart to you,
But most unfortunately came too late.

Why didst thou yield obedience to that Devil
Which urg'd thee to destroy this innocent?

Alcip.

Alcip. *Pisaro*, do not err,
I found the Prince and she alone together,
He all disorder'd like a ravisher,
Loose and unbutton'd for the amorous play;
O that she had another life to lose.

Pis. You wrong her most inhumanly, you do;
Her blood yet sensible of the injury
Flows to her face to upbraid thy cruelty.
— Where dost thou mean bad man to hide thy head?

Vengeance and Justice will pursue thee close,
And hardly leave thee time for penitence.

— What will the Princess say to this return
You've made to all the offers she had sent
This night by Prince *Philander*?

Alcip. Oh when you name the Princess and *Philander*,
Such different passions do at once possess me,
As sinks my over-laden soul to Hell.

— Alas why do I live? 'tis losing time,
For what is death, a pain that's sooner ended

Than what I felt from every frown of hers,
— It was but now, that lovely thing had life,
Could speak and weep, and had a thousand charms
That had oblig'd Murderer, and madness' self

To've been her tame adorers.

Yet now should even her best-belov'd the Prince,

With all his Youth, his beauties and desires,

Fall at her feet, and tell his tale of love,
She hardly would return his amorous smiles,
Or pay his meeting kisses back again;

Is not that fine *Pisaro*?

Pis. Sir, 'tis no time to talk in, come with me,
For here's no safety for a Murderer.

Alcip. I will not go, alas I seek no safety.

Pis. I will not now dispute that vain reply,
But force you to security.

Pisaro draws him out, the Scene closes.

ACT IV. SCENE VII

Enter Philander, Alcander, Gallater, Aminta and Falatius.

Fa. Ah fly, Sir, fly, from what I have to tell you.

Alcan. What's the news?

Fa. Ah Sir, the dismalst heavy news that e'er
Was told or heard.

Gall. No matter, out with it.

Fa. *Erminia*, Madam.

Pbi. *Erminia*, What of her?

Fal. Is dead, Sir.

Alcan. What hast thou lost thy wits?

Fa. I had them not about me, at the sight
I else had been undone: *Alas Erminia's dead*
Murther'd and dead.

Alcan. It cannot be, thou ly'st.

Fa. By *Jove*, I do not Sir, I saw her dead,
Alas, I ran as I was wont to do,
Without demanding licence to her Chamber,
But found her not as I was wont to do,
In a gay humour; but stone dead, and cold.

[*The Women weep.*]

Phi. Alcan. am I awake — or being so,
Dost not perceive this senseless flesh of mine
Harden into a cold benumbed Statue.

— Methinks — it does — support me — or I fall
And so — shall break to pieces —

[*Falls into his Arms.*]

Gall. Ah lovely Maid, was this thy destiny?
Did Heaven create thy beauties to this end?
— I must distrust their bounties, who neglected
The best and fairest of their handy-work;
This will encourage sin, when innocence
Must perish thus, and meet with no defence.

[*He leads him out.*]

Enter the King and Orgulius.

Org. If murther'd innocence do cry for justice,
Can you, great Sir, make a defence against it?

King. I think I cannot.

Org. Sir, as you are pious, as you are my King,
The Lover and Protector of your people,
Revenge *Erminia's* Murther on *Alcippus*.

Gall. If e're my Mother, Sir, were dear to you,
As from your tears I guesst whene're you nam'd her:
If the remembrance of those charms remain,
Whose weak resemblance you have found in me,
For which you oft have said you lov'd me dearly;
Dispençe your mercies, and preserve this Copy,
Which else must perish with th' Original.

King. Why all this Conjuraton, *Gallatea*.

Gall. To move you, Sir, to spare *Alcippus* life.

King. You are unjust, if you demand a life,
Must fall a Sacrifice to *Erminia's* Ghost,
That is a debt I have ingag'd to pay.

Gall. Sir, if that promise be already past,
And that your word be irrevocable,
I vow I will not live a moment after him.

King. How *Gallatea*! I'd rather hop'd you'd joyn'd
Your Prayers with his.

Gall. Ah Sir, the late Petition which I made you
Might have inform'd you why these knees are bow'd,
'Twas but this night I did confess I lov'd him,

And you would have allow'd that passion in me,
Had he not been *Erminia's*,

And can you question now what this address meant.

Or. Remember Sir, *Erminia* was my Daughter.

Gall. And Sir, remember that I am your Daughter.

Or. And shall the Traytor live that murder'd her?

Gall. And will you by his death Sir, murder me?

In dear *Erminia's* death too much is done,

If you revenge that death, 'tis two for one.

Or. Ah Sir, to let him live's unjust in you.

Gall. And killing me, you more injustice do.

Or. *Alcippus*, Madam, merits not your love,
That could so cruel to *Erminia* prove.

Gall. If Lovers could be rul'd by Reasons Laws,
For this complaint on him, we'd had no cause.

'Twas Love that made him this rash act commit,
Had she been kind 'thad taught him to submit.

—But might it not your present griefs augment,
I'd say that you deserve this punishment,

By forcing her to marry with the General;

By which you have destroy'd *Philander* too,

And now you would *Alcippus* life undo.

Or. That was a fault of duty to your Majesty.

Kin. Though that were honest, 'twas not wisely done,
For had I known the passion of my Son,

And how essential 'twas to his content,

I willingly had granted my consent;

Her worth and beauty had sufficient been,

T'ove rais'd her to the Title of a Queen.

Did not my Glorious Father, Great *Gonzal*,

Marry the Daughter of his Admiral?

And I might to my Son have been as kind,

As then my Father did my Grandfire find.

Org. You once believ'd that I had guilty been,

And had the punishment, but not the sin;

I suffer'd when 'twas thought I did aspire,

And should by this have rais'd my crimes yet higher.

Kin. How did *Philander* take *Erminia's* death?

Gall. My own surprize and grief was so extream,

I know not what effects it had in him;

But this account of him I'me forc'd to give,

Since she is dead, I know he cannot live.

Kin. I'll know *Philander's* Fate ere I proceed,

And if he dye, *Alcippus* too shall bleed.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCEN. VIII.

*The Gallery.**Enter Palatius and Labree.**Fa.* Wert thou never valliant *Labree* ?*La.* Yes Sir, before I serv'd you, and since too, I
Am provok'd to give you proofs on't sometimes,
For when I am angry I am a very Hector.*Fa.* I the Devil when a body's angry, but that's
Not the valour in mode ; men fight now adays
Without that, and even embrace whilst they draw
Their Swords on one another.*La.* I Sir, those are men that despise their lives.*Fa.* Why that's it *Labree* that I would learn to do,
And, which I fear, nothing but poverty will make me do ;
Yow defend me from that experiment.*Enter Erminia with a thin Tiffany.**Labree.* What's the matter, Sir,
Does the fit take you now ?*Fa.* Save us, save us from the Fiend.*La.* A Ghost, a Ghost, O, O, O ! *[They fall shaking on the ground.]**Er.* This was a happy mistake,
Now I may pass with safety.*Fa.* Look up, *Labree*, if thou hast any of that
Courage thou speakest of but now.*[She goes out.]**La.* I dare not, Sir, experience yours I pray.*Fa.* Alas, alas, I fear we are both rank Cowards.*La.* Rise Sir, 'tis gone.*Fa.* This was worse than the fright *Alcander* put
Me into by much.*[They rise and go out.]*

ACT IV. SCENE IX.

*Enter Philander and Cleontius.**Phi.* I know he's fled to the Camp,
For there he only can secure himself.*Cle.* I do not think it, Sir,
He's too brave too justifie an action
Which was the out-rage only of his passion,
That soon will toyle it self into a Calm,
And then will grow considerate again,
And hate the rashness it provok'd him too.*Phi.* That shall not serve his turn—go
Tell him I'll get his Pardon of the King,
And set him free from other fears of justice,
But those which I intend to execute.
If he be brave he'll not refuse this offer.

if not, I'll do as he has done by me,
 And meet his hated Soul by treachery.
 —And then I've nothing more to do but dye:
 —Ah how agreeable are the thoughts of death,
 How kindly do they entertain my Soul,
 And tells it pretty tales of satisfaction in the other world,
 That I shall dwell for ever with *Erminia*.—but stay,
 That sacred Spirit yet is unreveng'd,
 —I'll send that Traytors Soul to eternal night,
 Then mine shall take its so desired flight,

[Cle. goes out.]

[going out.]

*Enter Erminia, calls him.**Er.* Return *Philander*, whether wouldst thou fly?*Pbi.* What voice is that [Turns, sees her, and is frighted.]*Er.* Tis I my Prince, tis I.*Pbi.* Thou—Gods—what art thou—in that lovely shape?*Er.* A Soul that from *Elizium* made escape [as she comes towards him]
 To visit thee, why dost thou steal away, he goes back in great amaze.
 I'll not approach thee nearer than I may.*Pbi.* Why do I shake——it is *Erminias* form—
 And can that beauty ought that's——ill adorn?——In every part *Erminia* does appear,
 And——sure no Devil——can inhabit there. [He comes on and kneels, one]*Alcan.* My Lord the Prince. [He comes on and kneels, one
 knocks, she steals back in at a door.]*Pbi.* Ha————Oh Gods, I charge thee not to vanish yet,
 I charge thee by those powers thou dost obey,
 Not to deprive me of thy blessed sight.*Er.* I will re-visit thee.

[Enter Alcan.]

Pbi. I'me not content with that.

[Alcan. comes in.]

——Stay, stay, my dear *Erminia*.*Alcan.* What mean you Sir? [He rises, and looks still affrighted.]*Pbi.* *Alcander*, look, look, how she glides away,
 Dost thou not see't?*Alcan.* Nothing Sir, not I.*Pbi.* No, now she's gone again.*Alcan.* You are disorder'd, pray sit down a while.*Pbi.* No, not at all *Alcander*, I'me my self,

I was not in a dream, nor in a passion.

When she appear'd, her face a little pale,

But else my own *Erminia*, she her self,

I mean a thing as like, nay, it spoke too,

And I undaunted answer'd it again,

But when you knockt it vanisht.

Alcan. 'Twas this *Aminia* would perswade me to,

And faith I laught at her,

And wish I might have leave to do so now.

Pbi.

Phi. You do displease me with your unbelief.

Alcan. Why Sir, do you think there can indeed be Ghosts?

Phi. Pray do not urge my sense to lose its nature,

Er. It is *Alcander*, I may trust him too. [*She peeps in on them and comes out.*]

Phi. Look where she comes again, credit thy eyes,
Which did perswade thee that they saw her dead.

Alcan. By Heaven and so they did——

[*both seem frighted.*]

——Gods——this——is wondrous——strange; yet I can
Bear it, if it were the Devil himself in that fair shape.

Phi. And yet thou shakest——

Alcan. I do, but know not why.

——Inform us lovely spirit what thou art,

A God—or Devil, if either thou art welcome.

Er. You cannot think *Alcander*, there be Ghosts, [*She gives her hands*
No, give me your hand and prove mine flesh and blood, to him and *Phi.*

——Sir, you were wont to credit what I said, which they refuse to touch.
And I would still merit that kind opinion.

Phi. *Erminia*, foul of sweetness, is it you?

——How do you ravish with excess of joys?

Er. Softly, dear Sir, do not express that joy,

Left you destroy it by your doing so.

I fly for sanctuary to your arms.

As yet none knows I live but poor *Isillia*,

Who bathing of my cold face with her tears,

Perceiv'd some signs of life, and us'd what means

Her love and duty did instruct her in,

And I in half an hour was so reviv'd,

As I had sense of all was past and done,

And to prevent a death I yet might fear,

If mad *Alcippus* had return'd again.

——Alone I came to you, where I could find

Alone my safety too.

Phi. From Gods and men *Erminia* thou art safe,

My best and blest *Erminia*.

Er. Sir, in my coming hither I met *Aminta*,

Whom I may fear has alarm'd all the Court;

She took me for a Ghost, and ran away,

Ere I could undeceive her.

——*Falatus* too, affrighted even to death.

Alcan. Faith, that was lucky, Madam.

——Hark some body knocks, you'd best retire a little. [*Leads her into the door.*]

Enter Gallathea and Aminta lighted.

Gal. Ah Brother, there's such news abroad.

Phi. What dear Sister, for I am here confin'd,

And cannot go to meet it?

Gall. *Erminias* Ghost is seen, and I me so frighted.

P. ti.

Phi. You would not fear it though it should appear.

Gall. Oh do not say so.

For though the world had nought I held more dear,
I would not see her Ghost for all that world.

Alcan. But Madam, 'tis so like *Erminia*.

Am. Why have you seen it too?

Alcan. Yes *Aminia*.

Am. Then there be Ghosts *Alexander*?

Phi. *Aminia* we'll convince him. [*Phi. leads out Er. who comes smiling to the Princess.*]

But how dear creature wert thou thus preserv'd?

Phi. Another time for that, but now let's think [*Aminia embraces her*]

How to preserve her still,

Since all believe her dead, but who are present,

And that they may remain in that blest error

I will consult with you; but you my dearest

Shall as the spirit of *Erminia* act,

And reap the glory of so good a part,

It will advance the new design I have,

And Sister to your care

I must commit the treasure of my life.

Gall. It was not kind, she came not first to me.

Er. Madam, I fear'd the safety of my Prince,

And every moment that I found I liv'd,

Were more tormenting, than were those of death,

Till I had undeceiv'd his apprehensions.

Phi. 'Twas like thy self, generous and kind, my dear,

Thou might'st have come too late else.

Er. But Sir, pray where's my Murtherer? for yet

A better name I cannot well afford him.

Gall. All that we know of him,

Pisaro now inform'd him,

Who came just as he thought he had murder'd thee,

And begg'd he would provide for his own safety.

But he who gave him sober promises,

No sooner found himself out of his arms,

But frantick and i'th' dark he got away.

But out o'th' Court he knows he cannot pass,

At this dead time of night;

But he believes he is i'th' Groves or Gardens,

And thither he is gone to find him out.

Alcan. This is no place to make a longer stay in.

The King has many spies about the Prince.

'Twere good you would retire to your apartment.

Gall. We'll take your Counsel, Sir.

—Good night, Brother.

Phi. *Erminia*, may thy dreams be calm and sweet

[52]

As thou hast made my Soul,
May nothing of the cruelty that's past
Approach thee in a rude uneasy thought;
Remember it not so much as in thy prayers,
Let me alone to thank the Gods for thee,
To whom that blessing only was ordain'd;
And when I lose my gratitude to Heaven,
May they deprive me of the joys they've given. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gallatea, Erminia, Pisaro, Aminta.

Gall. **A**ND hast thou found him? Ease my misery.
Pis. I have, and done as you commanded me:
I found him sitting by a Fountain side,
Whose tears had power to swell the little tide,
Which from the Marble Statues breasts still flows:
As silent and as numberless were those.
I laid me down behind a Thicket near
Where undiscover'd I could see and hear:
The Moon the day supply'd, and all below
Instructed, even as much as day could do:
I saw his postures, heard him rave and cry,
Twas I that kill'd Erminia, yet thus I
Then from his almost frantick head fell tear
Whole handfuls of his well-becoming hair
Thus would he till his rage was almost spent,
And then in softer terms he would lament;
Then speak as if *Erminia* still did live,
And that belief made him forget to grieve.
— The Marble Statue *fell*, he mistook
For fair *Erminia*, and such things he spoke;
Such unheard passionate things as *she* would move,
The Marble Statue's self to fall in love;
He'd kiss its breast, and say the kind was grown,
And never mind, alas, 'twas *charless* stone;
He took its hand, and to his mouth had laid it,
But that it came not, and its stay betray'd it;
Then would he blush, and all *asham'd* become,
His head declining, for a while be dumb;
His Arms upon his Breast across would lay,
Then sensibly and calmly walk away,
And in his walk a thousand things he said,
Which I forgot, yet something with me staid;
He did consult the nature of the crime,
And still concluded that *twas* just in him;

He

He run o're all his life, and found no act
That was un-generous in him, but this fact,
From which the Justice took off the disgrace,
And might even for an act of vertue pass;
He did consult his glory and his pride,
And whilst he did so, laid his grief aside.

— Then was as calm as e're he seem'd to be.

Gall. And all this while did he nere mention me?

Pis. Yes, Madam, and a thousand things he said,
By which much shame and passion he betray'd,
And then 'twas, Madam, I stept in and gave
Counsels, I thought him fittest to receive;
I sooth'd him up; and told him that the crime
I had committed, had the case been mine.
I all things said that might his griefs beguile,
And brought him to the sweetness of a smile.

— To all I said he lent a willing ear,
And my reproaches too at last did hear.
With this insensibly I drew him on,
And with my flatteries so upon him won,
Such gentleness infus'd into his breast,
As has dispos'd his wearied soul to rest,
Sleeping upon a Couch I've left him now,
And came to render this account to you.

Gall. Pisaro. 'Twas the office of a friend,
And thou'st perform'd it to a generous end:
Go on and prosper in this new design,
And when thou'st done, the glory shall be thine.

ACT V. SCENE. II.

Draws off, discovers Alcippus rising from the Couch.

Alcip. I cannot sleep, my soul is so unfurnish'd
Of all that sweetness which allow'd it rest:

— 'Tis flown, 'tis flown, for ever from my breast.

And in its room eternal discords dwell,

Such as out-do the black intrigues of Hell —

— Oh my fortune —

[Weeps, pulling out his handkerchief, drops a

Picture with the Glass on the Reverse.

— What's here — Alas, that which I dare not look on,

And yet, why should I shun that image here,

Which I continually about me bear,

But why, dear Picture, art thou still so gay,

Since she is gone, from whom these charms were borrow'd,

Those eyes that gave this speaking life to thine,

Those lovely eyes are clos'd in endless darkness,

There

There's not a star in all the face of Heaven,
 But now out-shines those Suns.
 Suns at Noon day dispens'd not kindlier influences :
 And thou blest mirtour, that hast oft beheld
 That face, which nature never made a fairer,
 Thou that so oft her beauties back reflected,
 And made her know what wondrous power there lay
 In every feature of that lovely face.

But she will smile no more ! no more ! no more !

—Why, who shall hinder her ? Death, cruel Death.

—'Twas I that murder'd her —

Thou lyest — thou durst as well be damn'd to touch her,
 She was all sacred, and that impious hand
 That had prophaneely touch'd her,
 Had wither'd from the body.

—I lov'd her — I ador'd her, and could I,
 Could I approach her with unhallowed thoughts ?

—No, no, I durst not —

But as devoutest Pilgrims do the shrine,

—If I had don't,

The Gods, who take the part of Innocence,
 Had been reveng'd —

—Why did not Thunder strike me in the action ?

Why, if the Gods be just, and I had don't,

Did they not suffer earth to swallow me,

Quick — quick into her bosom —

—But yet I say again it was not I,

—Let me behold this face,

That durst appear in such a Villany.

[*He looks in the Glass.*

Enter Pisaro and Erminia dress'd like an Angel with Wings.

Pis. Look, where he is.

Erm. Alas, I tremble at the sight of him.

Pis. Fear nothing, Madam, I'll be near you still.

Er. Pray stay a little longer.

Alcip. — My face has horror in't, pale and disfigur'd,
 And lean as Envy's self —

My eyes all bloody, — and my hanging lids
 Like Midnight's mischief, hide the guilty Balls,

— And all about me calls me Murderer :

— Oh horrid Murderer !

That very sound tears out my hated soul,

— And to compleat my ruine,

I'll still behold this face where Murder dwells.

He looks in the Glass, Erminia steals behind him, and looks into it over his shoulder ; he is frighted.

Ha — What does this Glass present me ?

What art thou? — speak — What art thou? *[The Spirit begins to move towards the*

— Sure I am fixt, what shall the Devil frighten me? *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

— Me, shall he frighten me? *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Who stood the Execution of a Murderer? *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

— But 'tis that shape, and not thy Nature frights me? *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

— That calls — the blood out of my panting heart, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

— That Traytor heart that did conspire thy death, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Er. Sit down and hear me — *[In a tone like a Spirit, and speaking, as*

To disobey, thy punishment shall be; *[A Chair, soft music begins to play, as*

To live in endless torments, but no're die; *[The music continues all this Scene.*

Alcip. Thou threatnest high, bold Rebel *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

He sits within Er. Alcippus, tell me what you see, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

the Scene. What is't that I appear to be? *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Bows. Alcip. My blest Erminia Deify'd *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Er. Alcippus, you inform me true, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

I am thus Deify'd by you; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

To you I owe this blest Sabada, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

For I am happy as a God; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

I only come to tell thee so, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

And by that tale to end thy woe; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Know, Mighty Sir, your Joy's begun, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

From what last Night to me was done; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

In vain you rave, in vain you weep, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

For what the Gods must ever keep. *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

In vain you mourn, in vain you weep, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

A loss which tears can never cure, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

The Gods their Mercies will dispense, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

In a more Glorious Recompence; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

A World of blessings they've in store, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

A World of Honours, Vict'ries more; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Thou shalt the Kingdoms Darling be, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

And Kings shall Homage pay to thee; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Thy Sword no bounds to Conquest set, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

And thy success that Sword shall wet; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Princes thy Chariot-wheels shall grace; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Whilst thou in triumph bring'st home Peace. *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

This will the Gods, thy King yet more *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Will give thee what those Gods adore; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

And what they did create for thee; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Alcippus look, for that is she. *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Enter the Princess, and goes over the Stage as a Spirit, bows a little to *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Alcippus, and goes off. *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Alcip. The Princess? *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Er. Be still; 'tis she you must possess, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

'Tis she must make your happiness; *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

'Tis she must lead you on to find *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

Those blessings Heaven has design'd, *[The Spirit now out-shines the*

*'Tis she'll conduct you where you'll prove
The perfect joys of grateful love.*

*Enter Aminta like Glory, Alcander representing Honour. They pass over,
and bow, and go out.*

Glory and Honour wait on her.

*Enter two more representing Mars and Pallas, bow and go out.
With Pallas and the God of War,
Fortune and Love which ne're agree.*

*Enter Olinda like Fortune, a Page like Cupid, bow and goes out.
Do now united bow to thee.*

—Be wise, and of their Bounties share.

For if Erminia still was here,

Still subject to the toys of life,

She never could have been thy Wife.

Who by the Laws of Men and Heaven

Was to another's bosome given.

—And what injustice thou hast done

Was only to thy Prince alone;

But he has Mercy, can Redeem

Those ills which thou hast done to him.

—But see, they all return again.

*All the Disguis'd enter again and Dance, with Love in the midst,
to whom as they dance, they in order make an offer of what they carry,
which must be something to represent themselves; which Love refuses
with Nods, still pointing to Alcippus; the Dance done, they lay them
at his feet, or seem to do so, and go out.*

What think'st thou of thy destiny,

Is't not agreeable to thee?

Tell me Alcippus is't not brave?

Is it not better than a Grave?

Cast off your tears, abandon grief,

And give what you have seen belief.

Dress all your looks, and be as gay

As Virgins in the month of May;

Deck up that face where sorrow grows,

And let your smiles adorn your brows;

Reveal your wonted sweetness home,

And let your eyes all Love become,

For what the Gods have will'd and said:

Thou hast no power to evade;

What they decree, none can withstand;

You must obey what they command.

Exit Pisaro

Pis. How is it man—what speechless?

Alcip. No—

Pis. I left thee on the Bed, how camest thou here?

*[She goes out, he remains immovable
for a while.*

Alcip.

Alcip. I know not.

Pis. Have you slept?

Alcip. Yes, ever since you left me.

And 'twas a kindness in thee now to wake me,
For sleep had almost flattered me to peace,
Which is a vile injustice.

— Ah *Pisaro*, I had such a dream,
Such a fine flattering dream.

Pis. How was it pray?

Alcip. Nay, I will forget it,
I do not merit so much peace of mind,
As the relation of that dream will give me,
Oh 'twas so perfect too,
I hardly can persuade my self I slept,
Dost thou believe there may be apparitions?

Pis. Doubtless, my Lord, there be.

Alcip. I never could believe it till this hour,
By Heavens I think I saw them too, *Pisaro*.

Pis. 'Tis very possible you're not deceiv'd.

Alcip. *Erminia's* Spirit, in a glorious form.

Pis. I do believe you.

Alcip. Why, is't not strange?

Pis. It would have been, had I not heard already,
She has this Night appear'd to several persons,
In several shapes; the first was to the Prince,
And said so many pretty things for you.
As has persuaded him to pardon you.

Alcip. Oh Gods, what Fortune's mine?
I do believe the Prince is innocent
From all that thou hast said.

— But yet I wish he would dispose his bounties
On those that would return acknowledgments:
I hate he should oblige me.

Pis. You are too obstinate, and must submit.

Alcip. It cannot be, and yet methinks I give
A strange and sudden credit to this Spirit,
It beckned me into another room;
I'll follow it, and know it's business there.

Pis. Come Sir, I am a kind of Prophet.

And can interpret dreams too.

We'll walk a while, and you should tell me all,

And then I would advise you what to do.

ACT V. SCENE III

Enter Philander with the King.

King. Thou'st entertain'd me with a pretty Story,
And call'd up so much Nature to thy Cause,

That

That I am half subjected to its Laws :
 I find thy lovely Mother plead within too,
 And bid me put no force upon thy will;
 Tells me thy flame should be as unconfin'd
 As that we felt when our two Souls combin'd :
 Alas, *Philander*, I am old and feeble,
 And cannot long survive ;
 But thou hast many Ages yet to number,
 Of youth and vigour ; and should all be wasted
 In the Embraces of an unlov'd Maid :
 No, my *Philander*, if that after death,
 Ought could remain to me of this worlds joys,
 I should remember none with more delight,
 Than those of having left thee truly happy.
Phi. This goodness, Sir, resembles that of Heaven,
 Preserving what it made, and can be paid
 Only with grateful praise as we do that.
Kis. Go, carry on your innocent design,
 And when you've done, the last act shall be mine. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Enter Aminta followed by Alcander, Erminia and Gallatea, goes out, enter Alcander and stays Aminta.

Alcan. Stay, dear *Aminta*, do not fly so fast.

Am. Methinks *Alcander* you should shun that maid,
 Of whose too much of kindness you're afraid.
 Twas not long since you parted in such fury,
 And swore my treatment of you was too rude.
 You vow'd you found no beauty in my eyes,
 And can you now pursue what you despise ? [*Offers to go.*]

Alcan. Nay, do not leave me yet, for still your scorn
 Much better than your absence may be born.

Am. Well Sir, your business, for mine requires hast.

Alcan. Say, fair *Aminta*, shall I never find
 You'll cease this rigour, and be kind ?
 Will that dear breast no tenderness admit ?
 And shall the pain you give no pity get ?
 Will you be never touch'd with what I say ?
 And shall my Youth and Vows be thrown away ?
 You know my Passion and my Humour too,
 And how I dye, though do not tell you so.

Am. What Arguments will you produce to prove
 You love, for yet I'll not believe you love.

Alcan. Since, fair *Aminta*, I did thee adore,
 Alas I am not what I was before.
 My thoughts disorder'd from my heart do break,
 And sighs destroy my language when I speak.

My liberty and my repose I gave,
To be admitted but your slave, not mistress;
And can you question such a Victory?
Or must I suffer more to make it sure?
It needs not, since their languishments can be
Nought but the wounds which you alone can cure.

Am. Alcander, you so many Vows have paid,
So many sighs and tears, to many a Maid;
That should I credit give to what you say;
I merit being undone as well as they.
— No, no, *Alcander*, I'll no more of that.

Alcan. Farewel *Aminia*, mayst thou want a Lover,
When I shall hate both thee and thy whole Sex;
I can endure your sober cruelty, rather
Than those of having lost the Embrace of an unlovely Maid.
But do despise it clad in Jollity.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Discovers a Room hung with Black, a Hearse standing in it with Tapers round about it. Alcippus weeping at it with Isilla, and other Women with long black Veils round about the Hearse.

Isi. I humbly beg, my Lord, you would forbear.

Alcip. Oh *Isilla*,
Thou knowst not what vast treasure this incloses,
This sacred Pile, is there no sorrow due to it?
Alas, I had her not forsworn at parting;
Nor did receive so much as one poor kiss.
— Ah wretched, wretched man!

Enter the Prince.

Alcip. How, the Prince!
How suddenly my grief submits to rage.

Phi. *Alcippus*, why dost thou gaze thus on me?
What horror have I in my looks that frights thee?

Alcip. Why Sir, what makes you here?
I have no more Wives, no more *Erminias*.
Alas she is dead.

Will you not give her leave to rest in peace?
Phi. Is this the gratitude you pay my favours?

That gave ye life, after your wrongs to me?
But 'twas my Sisters kindness that preserved thee,
And I preferred my vengeance to the Gods.

Alcip. Your Sister is a Saint whom I adore,
But I refuse a life that comes from you.

Isi. What mean you, Sir?
Alcip. To speak a truth as dying men should do.

Phi. *Alcippus* for my Sisters sake who love you,
I can bear more than this— you know my power.

And I can make you fear ?

Alcip. No, Prince, not while I am in love with dying.

Pbi. Your love to that I see has made you impudent.

Isi. The storm comes on, your highness should avoid it.

Pbi. Let him give place, He keep possession here.

Isi. It is the Prince's pleasure Sir, you quit the presence.

Alcip. No, this I call my home,
And since *Erminia's* here, that does entitle it so,
I will not quit the presence.

Pbi. Gave thee a title to't, *Alcippus* ?

Alcan. Me, *Philander* ;

Pbi. Thee ?

Alcip. Me, What dare you now ?

Pbi. I dare declare that I can hear no more,
Be witness Heaven how justly I'me compell'd.

Alcip. Now Sir, you are brave, and love *Erminia* too.

The Women run all away crying, they draw out some one way, and some ano-
ther, leaving some their Veils behind them, some bay off, some on.

Pbi. We are here not safe, these Women will betray us.

Alcip. Sir, tis a work that will soon be dispatch'd,
And this a place and time most proper for't.

Enter Pisaro, and his Followers.

Pis. Hold Sir, are you grown desperate ?
What means your Highness ?

Alcippus. what is't you design in this ?

Alcip. To fight *Pisaro*, and be kill'd.

Pis. By Heaven you shall not fight, unless with me,
And you have so angered me with this rash action,
I could almost provoke you to it.

Enter Alexander.

Alcan. Gods Sir, That you should
Thus expose your self,

The Worlds great Heir, against a desperate mad man,

Pis. Have you forgot your apparition Sir ?

Alcip. Oh 'twas an idle lying one *Pisaro*,
And came but to intrap me.

To them Gallatea, Aminta, and Olimia.

Gall. Ah Brother, why to cruel to your Sister ?

Pbi. Here *Gallatea*, punish my misfortune,
For yet I want the will to injure thee.

Heaven knows what provocations I reciev'd
Ere I would draw a Sword on him you lov'd.

Gall. Unjust *Alcippus*, how dost thou reward me ?

Alcip. Ah Madam, I have too much shame to live
Had Heaven preserv'd my innocence intire,
That I with confidence might have ador'd you,

Though

Though I had been successful,
Yet I had liv'd and hop'd; and aim'd to merit you;
But since all hopes of that are taken from me,
My life is but too poor a Sacrifice
To make atonement for my sins to you.

Gall. I will not answer thee to what thou hast said,
But only beg thou wilt preserve thy life,
Without which, mine will be of little use to me.

Alcip. Might I without a sin believe this blessing?
Sure I should be immortal.

Falatio peeps in again.

Fal. I think I may venture, the fury is past, and the
Great shot spent, the mad Captain General's wounded,
So, I hope 'twill let out some of his hot blood—

Enter the King, Cleontius, and Attendants.

King. My love *Alcippus* is despis'd I see,
And you in lieu of that return you owe me
Indeavour to destroy me.

—Is this an object for your rage to work on,
Behold him well, *Alcippus*, 'tis your Prince.

—Who dares gaze on him with irreverend eyes?

The good he does you ought to adore him for,

But all his evils 'tis the Gods must punish.

Who made no Laws for Princes.

Alcip. Sir, I confess I'm culpable,
And were it not a sin equal to that

To doubt you could forgive me,

I durst not hope your mercy after it.

King. I think with all the tenderness I'm guilty of,

I hardly shall be brought to pardon thee.

Phi. I humbly beg you will forgive him Sir,

I drew him to it against his will, I forc'd him,

And gave him language not to be indur'd

By any gallant man.

King. Whilst you intreat for him, who pleads for you,

For you are much the guiltier of the two,

And need't a greater interest to persuade me

Alcip. It were not just to contradict my Prince.

A Prince to whom I have been so late a Traytor.

But Sir, 'tis I alone am Criminal,

And twas I,

Justly I thought provok'd him to this hazard.

'Tis I was rude, impatient, insolent,

Did like a mad man animate his anger,

Not like a generous enemy.

Alcip. I beg your pardon Sir,
I had a wish to see you.

Sir, when you weigh my sorrows with this action,
You'll find no base design, no villany there;
But being weary of a life I hated,
I strove to put it off, and missing that way
I come to make an offer of it here.

King. If I should take it, 'twere no more than just,
Yet once again I will allow it thee;
That thou mayest owe me for a second time,
Manage it better than the last I gave. *[Exit King.]*

Phi. — *Alcippus*, may I credit what thou'st said,
Or do you feign repentance to deceive me?

Alcip. I never could dissemble at my best,
And now methinks your highness should believe me,
When my despair, and little love to life
Makes me dispise all ways that may preserve it.

Phi. If thou would'st have me credit thee, *Alcippus*,
Thou should'st not disesteem a life, which ought
To be preserv'd to give a proof that what thou say'st is true,
And disposess me of those fears I have.

Alcip. 'Tis a high proof to give you of my duty,
Yet that's more ease to me, than your unbelief.

Phi. Let me imbrace and thank thee for this goodness.

He offers to imbrace him, but he is shy, and keeps a little off.

Why dost receive me coldly, I'm in earnest,
As I love Honour, and esteem thee Generous,
I mean thee nothing but a perfect friendship,
By all my hopes I've no more quarrels to thee,
All ends in this imbrace, and to confirm it
I give thee here my Sister to thy Wife.

Alcip. Your Pardon Sir,
I must refuse your bounty till I know,
By what strange turn of fate I came thus blest,
To you my Prince, I've done unheard of injuries,
And though your mercy do afford me life,
With this rich present too;
Till I could know I might deserve them both,
That life will prove a Plague, and this great gift
Turn to the torment of it.

Phi. *Alcippus*, 'tis not kind to doubt me still,
Is this a present for a man I hate?

Alcip. I swear Sir, and your bounty does amaze me.

Can I receive a blessing of this magnitude
With hands, yet have not wash'd away the sin
Of your *Erminia's* murder, think of that, Sir,
For though to me it did appear most just,
Yet you must hate the man that has undone you.

Gall. I see *Erminia* still usurps your thoughts.

Alcip. I must confess my soul is scarce diverted
Of that fond passion which I had for her. But I protest before the Gods and you,
Did she still live, and I might still possess her,
I would refuse it, though I were ignorant
Of what the Gods, and your fair self design me.

Phi. To doubt thee were a sin below my nature,
And to declare my faith above my fear.
Behold what I present thee with: *[Gives her, and enters again with Erminia]*

Alcip. Ha — *Erminia*.
— It is the same — appeared to me last night.
— And my deluded fancy,
Would have persuaded me 'twas but a dream.

Phi. Approach her, Sir, 'tis no fantasm.

Alcip. 'Tis she herself, Oh Gods, *Erminia*! *[She goes a little back as]*
— Ah madam do not fear me in this posture, *[with of surprise, he kneels.]*

Which I will never quit till you have pardon'd me.

It was a fault the most excusable,

That ever wretched Lover did commit;

And that which hindred me from following thee,

Was that I could not well repent the Crime;

But like a surly sinner I did it out.

And said, I thought 'twas just; yes, fair *Erminia*,

Hadst thou been mine, I would 'th' face of Heaven,

Proclaim it just and brave revenge.

But, Madam, you were Wife to my Prince,

And that was all my sin:

Alas, in vain I hop'd for some return,

And grew impatient of th' unkind delay,

And frantically I then out-run my happiness.

Er. Rise, I forgive thee, from my soul I do;

Mayst thou be happier,

In thy more glorious passion for the Prince;

And all the joys thou e're couldst hope from me,

Mayst thou find there repeated.

Enter King, Orgulious, and the rest.

Org. First, I'll keep word with thee; I must a just reward

Receive the welcom present which I promis'd.

Er. Can you forgive the griefs I've made you suffer?

Org. I can forgive, though 'twas not kind

To let me languish in a desperate error;

Why was this Blessing hid from me along

Er. Ah Sir, so well I know you lov'd

That had you known it e're the Prince had own'd me,

I fear

I fear you had restor'd me back again.

A sin too great to load your Soul withal.

Org. My King already has forgiven that error;
And now I come to make my peace with thee;
And that I may with greatest speed obtain it.

— To you, Sir, I resign her, with as much joy
As when they undeceiv'd me
Of my opinion of her being dead.

Phi. And I with greater joy receive your gift.

Kim. My Lord *Alcippus*, are you pleas'd with this?

Alcip. Sir, I am so pleas'd, so truly pleas'd with it,
That Heaven without this blessing on my Prince
Had found but little trouble from my thanks,
From all they have shov'd on me;

'Twas all I wisht next my Pretensions here.

Kim. Then to compleat thy happiness,

Take *Gallatea*, since her passion merits thee,

As do thy Vertues her.

[*Gives him Gall. they both bow.*]

Er. Sir, I've an humble suit to your Majesty.

Kim. Conclude it granted then.

Er. Falatius, Sir, has long made love to *Isillia*,
And now he's gain'd her heart, he slights the Conquest,
Yet all the fault he finds is that she's poor:

Kim. *Isillia's* Beauty can supply that want,
Falatius, what d' say to't?

Fa. By *Force* Sir, I'll agree to any thing; for I believe
A handsome young Wife at Court may bring a Man a
Greater Fortune than he can in conscience desire.

[*takes Isillia.*]

Er. Aminta, be perswaded.

[*aside to Am.*]

Am. He'd use me scurvily then.

Alcan. That's according as you behav'd your self, *Aminta*.

Am. I should domineer.

Alc. I then should make love elsewhere.

Am. Well, I find we shall not agree then.

Alc. Faith — now we have disputed a point I never
Thought on before, I would willingly

Pursue it for the Humour on't: not that I think

I shall much approve on't.

Pis. Give him your hand *Aminta*, and conclude,

'Tis time this haughty humour were subdu'd.

By your submission, whatso're he seem,

In time you'll make the greater slave of him.

Am. Well — not from the hope of that, but from my love
His change of Humour I'm content to prove.

— Here take me, *Alexander*;

Whilst to Inconstancy I bid adieu;

In his variety I'll search for you.

[*He takes her and bows.*]

His Cause, my brave
And when we were young
We'll search abroad
And get fresh appetites
It will redouble your val
And that I may with
And make th' uncase
When you remember even
That after all your vict
You'll not calm peace
Thus may you m
Will Love and Glory
Of what they can follow

And now we are young
And when we were young
We'll search abroad
And get fresh appetites
It will redouble your val
And that I may with
And make th' uncase
When you remember even
That after all your vict
You'll not calm peace
Thus may you m
Will Love and Glory
Of what they can follow

And now we are young
And when we were young
We'll search abroad
And get fresh appetites
It will redouble your val
And that I may with
And make th' uncase
When you remember even
That after all your vict
You'll not calm peace
Thus may you m
Will Love and Glory
Of what they can follow

And now we are young
And when we were young
We'll search abroad
And get fresh appetites
It will redouble your val
And that I may with
And make th' uncase
When you remember even
That after all your vict
You'll not calm peace
Thus may you m
Will Love and Glory
Of what they can follow

And now we are young
And when we were young
We'll search abroad
And get fresh appetites
It will redouble your val
And that I may with
And make th' uncase
When you remember even
That after all your vict
You'll not calm peace
Thus may you m
Will Love and Glory
Of what they can follow

And now we are young
And when we were young
We'll search abroad
And get fresh appetites
It will redouble your val
And that I may with
And make th' uncase
When you remember even
That after all your vict
You'll not calm peace
Thus may you m
Will Love and Glory
Of what they can follow